Saturday Night

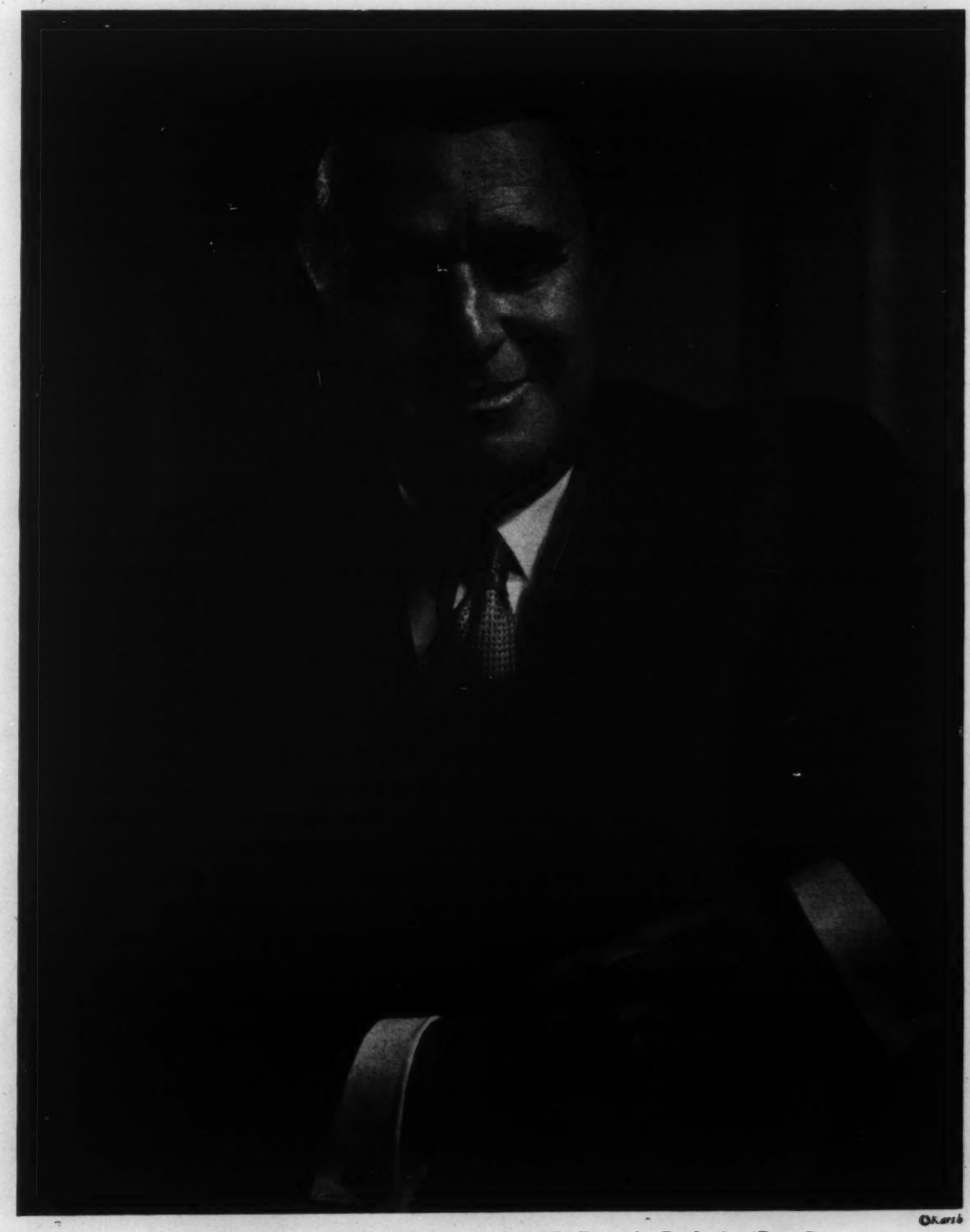
October 3, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Should the worth of a law be decided by what people think of lawyers? Apparently there are some members of the legal profession who are not at all sure about the answer, if we are to judge by the reports of a debate which took place in Quebec City the other day, during a meeting of a section of the Canadian Bar Association.

The discussion was started by a proposal from New Brunswick that the Provinces be asked to pass legislation declaring labor unions to be legal entities, which would mean that a union could sue, be sued, and be held responsible for what its members or agents might do during their activities on its behalf. At present, these things can be done for or against unions only through individuals, because the law does not recognize a union as an entity as it does a corporation or a municipality. Most of the delegates at the meeting finally approved the proposal, but not before a few of them had revealed a curious tenderness for what others might think of them.

"If we pass this motion," one lawyer was quoted as saying, "then labor will think . . . that we are anti-labor. We should think of the newspaper



FINANCE MINISTER DOUGLAS ABBOTT: First, the Bank Act *(Page 3)*

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headlines." There were other comments of a similar nature.

This is a strange test—to say, in effect, "Now before we consider what is good or bad about this proposed legislation, let us make sure that we do not take any action that may make some people angry and that what we do will look good in the newspapers." It is the substitution of "What will people say?" for "Will this be a just law?" It is the abandonment of the individual's intellect and conscience to the fear of organized criticism.

The fear of what this or that group may say or do has put a curb on a great deal of honest thought in this country, but we did not expect it to invade the realm of law. True, most of the members of the Bar Association showed that they would consider the labor union question strictly on its legal merits, but that a few of them should even hint that justice is concerned with the popularity of lawyers is damning evidence of the extent to which fear of the pressure group has invaded our society.

In For Dulles

THE LATEST dispatches from London indicate that the British are rather pleased with U.S. State Secretary Dulles after all. They had been alarmed by Mr. Dulles's tricky displays of broken-field running in the diplomatic game, but his changes of pace and direction have been as baffling to his team-mates as to his opponents, apparently, and as a result the bewildered West Europeans are more and more inclined to let Britain call the signals.

During the last few weeks, West Germany, Italy and France have all shown a new respect for British diplomacy—France by seeking British help in the solving of problems concerning the European Army, West Germany by adopting Churchill's ideas for trying to reach a settlement with Russia, and Italy by turning to Britain for mediation in the dispute with Yugoslavia over Trieste.

The British, of course, are not reluctant to recover the ball after the Dulles fumbling; it's been a while since they had the job of first-string quarterback.

Canadian Heraldry

AT THE ENTRANCE to the new building the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board has in Toronto there is a carved design which has been getting a great deal of attention. We found that Lt. Cmdr. Alan Beddoe, OBE, RCN (Ret'd) was the designer and we arranged to meet him.

Finding a suitable theme for the Workmen's Compensation Board's armorial bearings was not too difficult, he said. "One thing that made it easier was that the authorities wanted to include some recognition of Sir William Meredith, a former Chief Justice of Ontario and chief advocate of the original Workmen's Compensation Act. His genealogy could be traced right back to the Seventh Century—to Cadwaladr, King of the Britons, as a matter of fact—and we put the Meredith crest in the armorial bearings. The layman is apt to call almost anything a crest, when, in fact, the crest is merely the part that goes on top. The heads of the great families used to wear their crest atop their helmets. The coat of arms is the centre piece, and the whole lot is called the armorial bearings. The knights and their followers put these things on their armor mostly as a means of identification, something like the way football players carry numbers on their shirts today."

Lt. Cmdr. Beddoe, a cheerful, active man in his sixties, became interested in heraldry when he had the job of preparing Canada's Book of Remembrance, which contains 60,000 hand-lettered names and rests in the Peace Tower at Ottawa. Now he is one of Canada's recognized authorities on this complicated subject.

"Color is very important in heraldry," he told us. "Take the maple leaf, for example. Quebec's coat of arms has gold maple leaves on a green field and Ontario has green leaves on gold. Do you know why? When the maple leaf was established as the emblem of Canada it was listed as 'maple leaf proper', and 'proper' in heraldry means 'in its natural color.' What's the natural color of a maple leaf? It's green and it's gold and it's red: it all depends on what time of the year you look at it. I'm really hipped about this maple leaf business. I'd like to see the wording changed, so there wouldn't be any doubt about the matter."

We asked him if he had ever tried to trace his own family's genealogy. "I did, once," he said. "I was paying one of my frequent visits to the College of Heraldry in London—nearly all inquiries have to be made there because there's no other way to trace family history in a country as new as this—and I got talking to Sir Arthur Clarenceux, whose official title is King at Arms. He told me my family came from Shropshire (which I didn't know) and then he hastily shut the book and changed the subject. I got the impression that my Shropshire forbears were a pretty tough lot. Of course, we're respectable enough today. I was born in Ottawa and I've lived there all my life. My son Charles is with the Department of Agriculture. One daughter, Jackie, is an artist, and the other, Pat, is a stenographer."

Gilbert A. Milne

LT. CMDR. ALAN BEDDOE: Hipped about the maple leaf.

As we left he was musing over a new coat of arms for the City of Ottawa—he had been asked to devise one "more in keeping with the principles of heraldry."

Delayed Reports

SOME PEOPLE may find it useful to know that in 1951 the average income of the residents of Trail and Kimberley, the mining communities in British Columbia, was higher than that in any other Canadian city, but for most of us the information is of little more than academic interest by this time. The details on incomes in various parts of Canada in 1951 are given in the latest edition of *Taxation Statistics*, published annually by the Department of National Revenue. It takes two years, apparently, for the stately machinery of the Department to grind out this sort of information, much too late for it to be of any practical value to manufacturers and others who could put it to use if they got it in good time.

There is no reason why there should be a delay of nearly two years between the collection of information and its publication. The Revenue Department is by no means the only offender; indeed, it is the common practice of Provincial as well as Federal Governments to dawdle over reports and statistics—a lethargy which contrasts strangely with their grim speed in the checking of such things as tax returns. Large corporations are able to produce quarterly reports dealing with a vast amount of detailed business, and in a few cases government agencies do the same thing—proof that the annual reports need not be so many months in the making.

Incidentally, those who are still interested in the 1951 figures will find in *Taxation Statistics* that the Trail-Kimberley average annual income was $3,486. Next in line was Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, with $3,433, and St. John's, Newfoundland, was third with $3,348. Montreal's 363,540 taxpayers earned an average of $3,330, and Toronto's 434,340 averaged $3,267. We should learn towards the end of 1955 what this year's figures will be.

For Tired Eyes

THIRTEEN condemned men awaiting execution in Sing Sing Prison, NY, were moved to new quarters the other day, because their cells in the "death house" were being painted a light green. The new color, it was explained "will be restful and soothing to the eyes." It is important, apparently, that the eyes of the condemned be properly rested before they are closed forever by a vengeful society. All that is needed now is a color to soothe the conscience of that society.

Mr. Abbott's Spot

THE HON. Douglas Charles Abbot, QC, PC (C), BCL, DCL, LL.D., has been dropping broad hints for some time that he would be just as happy if someone else became Canada's Minister of Finance, the title he has held since Dec. 10, 1946, and there was general expectation that he would get his wish after the August general election was safely out of the way. But the Prime Minister has said he wants Mr. Abbott to continue in the Finance Ministry at least until Parliament has disposed of the decennial revision of the Bank Act at the next session. Mr. St. Laurent did not want an inexperienced Minister handling anything so important as the review of the Bank Act.

It would be difficult to criticize the Prime Minister's decision. The banking legislation reaches deep into the economic life of the country. The charters of Canada's commercial banks come up for renewal every ten years and the Bank Act is revised at the same time. How far-reaching the revision can be was shown at the time of the last review, in 1944, when the par value of bank shares was reduced from $100 to $10, in order to obtain

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a wider distribution of these shares; the right of chartered banks to issue or re-issue notes was cancelled; the maximum rate of interest or discount was reduced from seven to six per cent a year; and easier loans were arranged for farmers, fishermen and some other types of borrowers.

Even so, some of Mr. Abbott's supporters, who think he would make a good successor to Mr. St. Laurent, must be a little dismayed. The Ministry of Finance is a rugged, energy-consuming post, not designed to make its holder a popular hero, and a spell in some other Ministry would give Mr. Abbott a chance to enlarge his reputation in a kindlier way. He could have traded portfolios with Justice Minister Garson, for example; he is an able lawyer, and Mr. Garson, who was Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba before he became Premier of that Province, is no amateur in the financial affairs of government. But Mr. Abbott stays; he could stay long enough to see whatever hopes he has of succeeding Mr. St. Laurent dissipated like mist by the rising sun of the Prime Minister's proclaimed deputy, Minister without Portfolio Pickersgill.

For Visiting Only

A FRIEND of ours has been telling us from time to time about a couple who decided, some years ago, to get away from it all by moving into one of the more sparsely settled parts of northern Saskatchewan. They have been getting along with a bit of trapping, a little fishing, and the occasional spurt of writing, hiring out for odd jobs when all else fails. Our friend visited them last month and came back enraptured. "They have achieved utter timelessness," he said. "You get there over 50 miles of horrible road, then over a mile-wide lake. When I arrived, my hostess was in the kitchen. 'The fellow who brought you over was in here yesterday,' she told me, 'and we had a good talk about whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday. We arranged that if it was Tuesday he would come over and tell us. When I heard the boat, I thought it was Tuesday.' And they keep track of the months, in a way, by what comes out of the ground or what's on top of it. That's the life." He is enthusiastic, but he does not plan on joining them.

A Professional Job

THE PERFORMANCE of Catherine Proctor in *Mistress of Jalna*, the new play by Mazo de la Roche being presented by the New Play Society at the Royal Ontario Museum Theatre, is a demonstration of how completely a skilled actor or actress can shed one personality and take on another. In the play, Miss Proctor is the domineering matriarch of the Whiteoaks family; away from the stage, she is a petite, gracious person who rarely, if ever, has outbursts of temperament.

It is always a pleasure to watch a professional at work, and Miss Proctor is in every way a professional on the stage. Born in Ottawa, she went to Toronto as a child and made her first appearance as a concert artist. While still a young girl, she appeared on a New York stage as Hermia, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. David Belasco saw her, signed her for his next production, *The Concert*, and she was on her way to becoming one of Belasco's stars. She played in more than 25 of his presentations. Later she was in a number of Theatre Guild plays. Altogether, her list of successes is an impressive one—long runs in *Ah! Wilderness, Arsenic and Old Lace*, and *The Late George Apley*, among other plays.

Her approach to her profession is one which younger players could study with profit. Even with her wealth of knowledge and experience, her study of each new role is painstaking, her rehearsals steady sessions of hard work. The result of it all is an easy, fluid performance.

Ashley & Crippen

CATHERINE PROCTOR: A profitable study.

Boys in the Bush

A TRAVELLER in northern British Columbia has sent us a note on the British youths who spent six weeks this summer camping on the shore of Lake Stuart, 100 miles north of the Canadian National Railways line at Vanderhoof. The 69 schoolboys, in their middle and late 'teens, seemed to be upholding tradition pretty well, he reports. When he stepped ashore at the camp, he was offered tea, scrupulously addressed as "sir," and invited to examine the botanical specimens they had collected for the British Museum. One of them was still wearing his school tie. Their only other vistors had been Indians who came to wonder and sell them various items made of buckskin. It was sunset when our traveller paddled away, and the boys were gathered around a fire singing something that sounded like "Ilkla Moor Baht At."

Waiters in Distress

WE HAVE BEEN studying the suggestion of Sidney Colin, an English gastronome, that the handling of cutlery be standardized. "Little differences that build up big irritations," should be avoided, Mr. Colin says, a proposition with which we have no argument. Then getting down to cases, he finds that the way North Americans handle their knives and forks is making British and Continental waiters so bad-tempered that not even the juicy North American tips are enough to save them from the jitters. Before this little difference becomes a big irritation, Mr. Colin thinks, North Americans should change their eating habits.

It seems that the distress of the waiters is caused by the habit most North Americans have of switching the fork to the right hand to convey food to the mouth, and of leaving the knife and fork any which way when they are finished with a dish, instead of placing the implements in the middle of the plate (as the British do) or beside it (in the French manner). This latter carelessness may result in the knife and fork being left one over the other, which any well-bred European knows is a sign that the diner has not finished but is only taking a breather.

To save the waiters from complete collapse, Mr. Colin would like to see the United Nations promote an international cutlery code (based on Continental procedure, of course) in the same way that uniform signals for travel on land and sea are being promoted.

We think Mr. Colin is unduly alarmed. Of all the people concerned with the serving of food to paying patrons, the most imperturbable are the waiters. They are a tough breed; they must be, to spend hour after hour, day after day, watching all sorts of people slurp, gnaw and gobble their way through an endless succession of meals. But despite their armor of cynical courtesy and respect for propriety, we believe their sufferings would be much more excruciating if we substituted Continental cutlery styles for North American tipping habits. The waiters will survive, as long as the tourists are well-heeled. In any case, Mr. Colin cannot expect much for a while from the UN, which must dispose of some matters of minor importance before getting into anything as involved as the proper method of handling knives and forks.

Editorial Conviction

HAVING A SORT of professional interest in the matter, we have often wondered how much conviction there was back of the diatribes directed against the West by editors in Russia's satellite states—editors who, unlike their counterparts inside the Soviet Union, had known a literary life not circumscribed by Communist censorship. Now we have a bit of substantial evidence to go on: Hans Hoefs, considered one of Red Germany's leading editors because of his bitter attacks on the democracies, has been fired by his Communist bosses; he refused to surrender three "Eisenhower" food parcels his wife had smuggled from West Berlin. Editor Hoefs's convictions were worth something less than three tins of lard.

Money, Not Storage

IT SEEMS that this year's crop of western wheat, harvested while elevators all the way to the ports were already crammed, is not so much of a storage problem as people east of the Prairies expected it to be.

When last year's bumper crop filled the bins, old sheds, empty barns, abandoned houses and box cars were used, and when these were full the farmers dumped their grain on the ground. Now, according to a report by Jack Gray to the *Ottawa Citizen*, it has been found that ripe grain does about as well stored in the open as under cover; water-proof paper is spread on the ground and used to line a cribbing made of snow-fencing, the grain is poured in, and that's that.

The farmers, therefore, are much more concerned about the financial than the physical condition of their wheat. The interim payment (totalling $100 million) on last year's crop will get them by for a while, and they will be helped along by the payments they get as they deliver their marketable quotas. But all the while they will be able to look at the evidence of bounty in a world full of need.

Personal

WE BELIEVE that on Page 7 of this issue we have a Literary Event. Sean O'Casey's essay on Laughter will, we are sure, be included in any future anthology of the works of one of the few truly great writers of our time. When we first got in touch with Mr. O'Casey, he suggested that he was not a writer of articles and therefore might not turn out an acceptable bit of work. Our readers can judge for themselves by how much Mr. O'Casey underestimates his own ability.

Letters

Immigration

YOUR CHOICE of letters which you published on September 12 on immigration policy, under "People for Canada" was skilful.

Mr. Charron of Montreal, quite reasonably concerned about selective immigration, was also worried about immigrants retaining old loyalties, or as he put it, "organizing little Ukraines and Polands and Serbias" within Canada.

Mr. Camp of Ottawa (whose generalized insult to all immigrants, including myself, as being born in dirt and dying in ignorance, prompts this letter) is an extreme example of the "herrenvolk" attitude which causes shunned immigrants to form "little Ukraines and Polands and Serbias" in sheer self-defence.

Is this the way to peace in Canada, let alone peace on earth? Mr. Camp appears weighed down by the prospect of teaching present immigrants the speech, manners and morals of Canada. Certainly we have much to learn about the way of Canadian life, but to imply that Canadian manners or morals are in any way uniquely superior is to live in a world which died long ago. By the way, the curious split attitude of 8 out of 10 provinces to alcoholic beverages may seem a little primitive to immigrant Europeans.

Of course, the supreme irony is that, with the doubtful exception of the Indians, all persons in Canada, even Mr. Camp himself, are of immigrant stock. His insults and intolerance do no credit to a bounteous land which has given hope to many whose sufferings are beyond the experience of most Canadians.

Montreal MARK F. LEVESLEY

IN MR. Philip Camp's letter he says, "It is no small task—teaching immigrants the (speech), manners and morals of Canadians".

Judging by the utterly boorish and arrogant tone of the honorable gentleman's (?) letter, he himself appears very much in need of such instruction.

Ottawa J. WHITE

IT IS EASILY seen that Mr. Camp has never been outside Canada or read anything of other countries, or studied the way other nationalities live. Many of these countries are every bit as good as Canada and some have a much higher level of education. As an immigrant I can assure Mr. Camp I was not "born in dirt nor will I die in ignorance."

Without doubt this country needs immigrants and these immigrants should be helped, not sneered at. They have given up their homes and countries because they believe they can make a better life for themselves in this new country and are, therefore, prepared to work harder than most native-born Canadians to the benefit of them both.

If you look back into Canadian history, you will see that most of their ancestors, just two or three generations back, were once immigrants. Perhaps if Canadians showed a little more friendliness and a broader outlook, more immigrants would be happier here and learn quicker the Canadian way of life. Being snobbish about it does not help anything, especially in a country that is supposed to uphold the democratic outlook.

I wonder if Mr. Camp would have the courage and initiative to go to a completely new country not knowing anybody or the language and try to make a living for himself.

Toronto HELEN K. MACFARLANE

The New Pedantry

WITH A number of Robert Hillyer's comments on the "academicism" and "pedantry" of the "new poetry" and "new criticism", I am in agreement. But when has a new movement in any field of art not developed academicism and pedantry?

Would Prof. Hillyer have poetry retreat to the academicism of half a century ago? Would he have artists in this field (and presumably in others) re-assume the chains of 1900 because those forced on them in the 1920's gall?

Art, of which poetry is one expression, must evolve continuously if it is to live, and its attendant criticism must keep pace if it is to be of value. On occasion, the evolution must become revolution. When this process lapses, as I believe it had when Pound, Eliot and company came along, it becomes imitative. Scores of would-be poets and critics, lacking creative imagination, endlessly echo the refrains of departed pioneers.

A new pedantry did develop following the experimental "twenties", but the answer to that, surely, is maintenance of the evolutionary, and revolutionary, process—the development of new forms and techniques in poetry, rather than reversion to the traditional forms which the writer appears to hold in reverential awe.

But it is on a more basic principle that I diverge most sharply. Prof. Hillyer refers with such scorn to the "aesthetes' doctrine of Art for Art's sake" that I hesitate to bring up the disreputable subject!

However, I cannot conceive of true art produced for any other "sake" than art's. Does Prof. Hillyer believe that it can be produced for the sake of the public? For the sake of money? For the sake of ethical or political principles?

The suspicion that he does curtails the common ground of agreement which I find in his article, "A Chapter in Literary History."

Montreal GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

Changing Balance

THE DRAWBACKS to admitting the British West Indies as a province of Canada, described in an article by R. E. Smythies in your Aug. 29 issue, should be considered carefully by those misguided Canadians who clamor for the removal of all immigration barriers against peoples of non-European extraction.

Hitler did a great disservice to the objective analysis of race relations when he advanced his "master race" theory. The truth is that position and power are the bases of any apparent superiority, and those factors are changing constantly. History is simply the record of the continual rise and decline of races and nations.

For some centuries past, the white race has been in the ascendancy. Now, however, the balance is changing, not as in the past, only through invasion and conquest, but partly through an attitude on the part of the white nations that practically amounts to surrender.

A better balance of power and influence may be desirable among the various races and nations, but let us not fool ourselves that the other races merely yearn for equality. Many of their leaders covet the position held by the white nations — Japan proved that by her actions after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Some of those leaders would like to displace white influence entirely; they play their game adroitly in the UN through the Asian and Arab "blocs" . . .

Ottawa CLIVE THOMAS

Another View of Divorce

I HAVE been waiting for some abler pen than mine to express the attitude of considerable numbers of Christian people who are in flat disagreement with the view of marriage and divorce implied in Canon Davison's letter (SATURDAY NIGHT, Aug. 22). This is doubtless not the place for theological disputation; but it would be unfortunate to allow your readers to assume, because no reply is forthcoming, that the sentiments expressed by my colleague are the view of the whole Church; and that the less rigid practice of the churches of the Reformed tradition represent a sort of "retreat" from the truth which has become untenable and impracticable. There sometimes exists in the popular mind an unhappy tendency to conclude that the harsh view is for that reason the one which conforms most nearly to the teaching of the New Testament.

We believe, no less firmly than our Anglican friends, that the marriage vow is inviolable; and that the oaths of fidelity given and received are "till death us do part". However, when the marriage vow *has* been violated, we refuse to act as though nothing had happened. To illustrate: we also believe that human life is sacred—inviolable, if you will. But men are murdered every day. That is, this inviolable gift of life is in fact violated. Again, we adhere just as faithfully as our brethren to Jesus' words: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder". That is God's Word for us as it is for all His people. But on the right hand and on the left we see men (and women) "putting asunder" in a variety of ways the solemn ordinance that God intended should endure till death.

In that event, and when all possibility of reconciliation has been exhausted, what course of action may the Christian pursue? So strict a disciplinarian as John Calvin taught (Commen. on Matt.; Harmony vol. 2) that "in order to purge his house from infamy" it is the *duty* of the Christian to seek legal recognition of the new situation. For the Christian, divorce, like surgery, is a rending of flesh from flesh; as such it is likely to be extremely painful, but it is not morally reprehensible. It is not a dirty thing; it may be the only way of keeping clean . . .

(REV.) CHAS. C. COCHRANE
Melville Presbyterian Church, Westmount, PQ.

Audience Participation

IN RECENT years it has become increasingly noticeable that the vast majority of theatre audiences . . . completely lack discrimination. Again and again I have heard audiences applaud vigorously an artist who, to put it charitably, had displayed indifferent talent. Indeed, I think I can truthfully say that it is a considerable time since I heard an artist who was *not* greeted enthusiastically and with wild shouts for an *encore*.

I suspect that this common acclaim is more likely to denote a form of intellectual snobbery than that the performers of today have indistinguishable merit . . .

This is not to suggest that a return to the practice of cheering the heroine and peppering the villain with orange peel is in order, but a more careful distinction between the superlative and the merely competent would surely encourage higher standards — particularly in the case of musical performers.

Toronto J. JOHN LEWIS

Poem and Puzzle

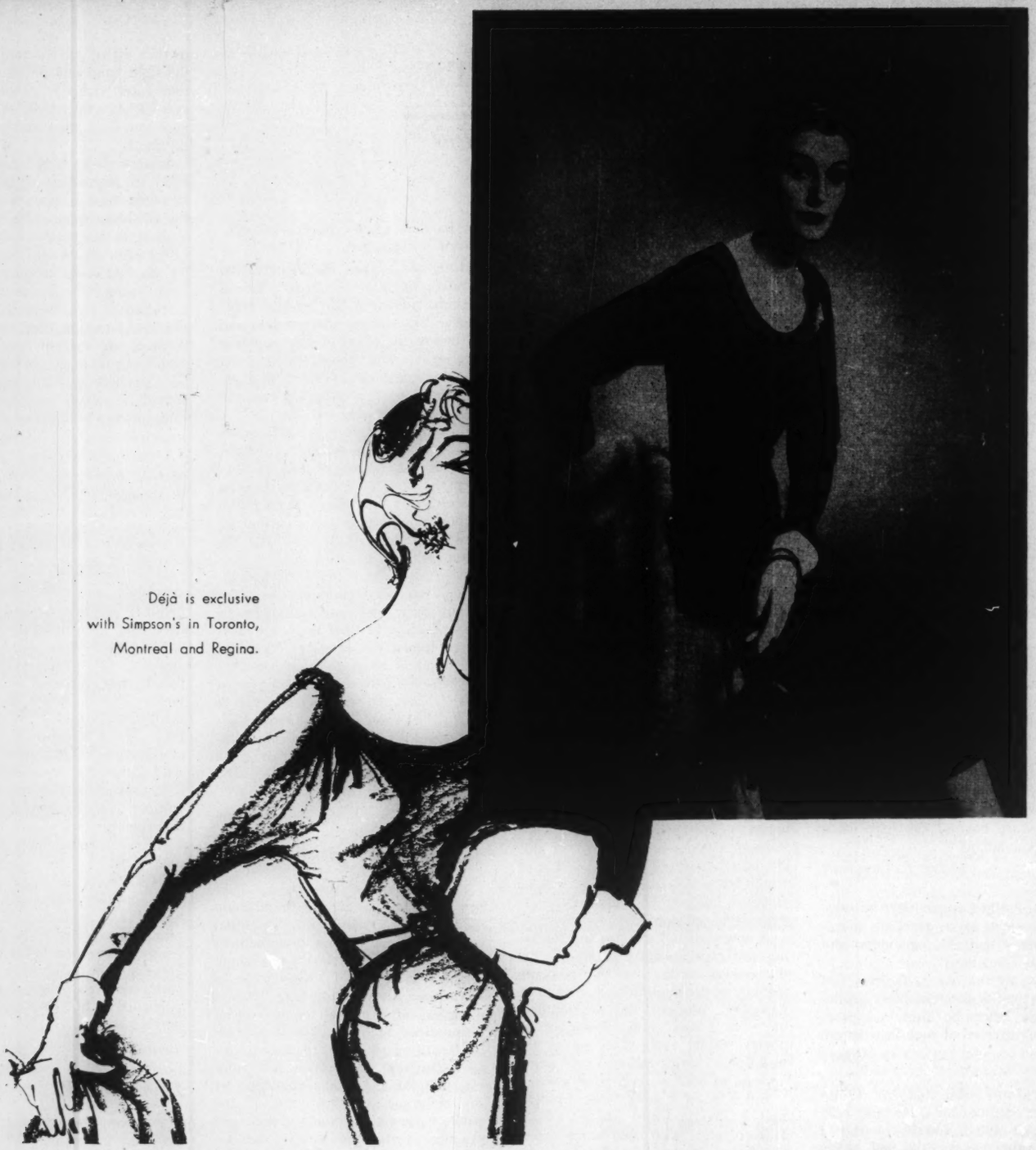
I WONDER how many of your readers can continue the Front Page Quotation about the young man who intended an Ode, but it turned to a Sonnet? It's from a *Triolet* by Austin Dobson:

I intended an Ode
And it turned to a Sonnet.
It began à la mode.
I intended an Ode,
But Rose crossed the road
In her latest new bonnet.
I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet.

MRS. J. M. GIBBON
St. Anne de Bellevue, Que.

A GOOD WORD for the Crerar puzzles. I find them a real test, very educative, lots of fun, tough but soluble. A body proves their value by his steady progress at the solving, from a distinctly rocky start . . . Now that I can solve each as it comes I feel like talking about it.

Toronto JAMES F. KIRKHAM



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The Power of Laughter: Weapon Against Evil

By SEAN O'CASEY

LAUGHTER IS WINE FOR THE SOUL —laughter soft, or loud and deep, tinged through with seriousness. Comedy and tragedy step through life together, arm in arm, all along, out along, down along lea. A laugh is the loud echo of a sigh; a sigh the faint echo of a laugh. A laugh is a great, natural stimulator, a pushful entry into life; and once we can laugh, we can live. It is the hilarious declaration made by man that life is worth living. Man is always hopeful of, always pushing towards, better things; and to bring this about, a change must be made in the actual way of life; so laughter is brought in to mock at things as they are so that they may topple down, and make room for better things to come.

People are somewhat afraid of laughing. Many times, when laughter abounded, I have heard the warning remark, "Oh, give it a rest, or it'll end in a cry." It is odd how many seem to be curiously envious of laughter, never of grief. You can have more than your fill of grief, and nobody minds: they never grudge your grief to you. You are given the world to grieve in; laughter is more often confined to a corner. We are more afraid of laughter than we are of grief. The saying is all wrong — it should be "Grieve, and the world grieves with you; laugh, and you laugh alone." Laughter may be a bad thing; grief is invariably a good or a harmless one.

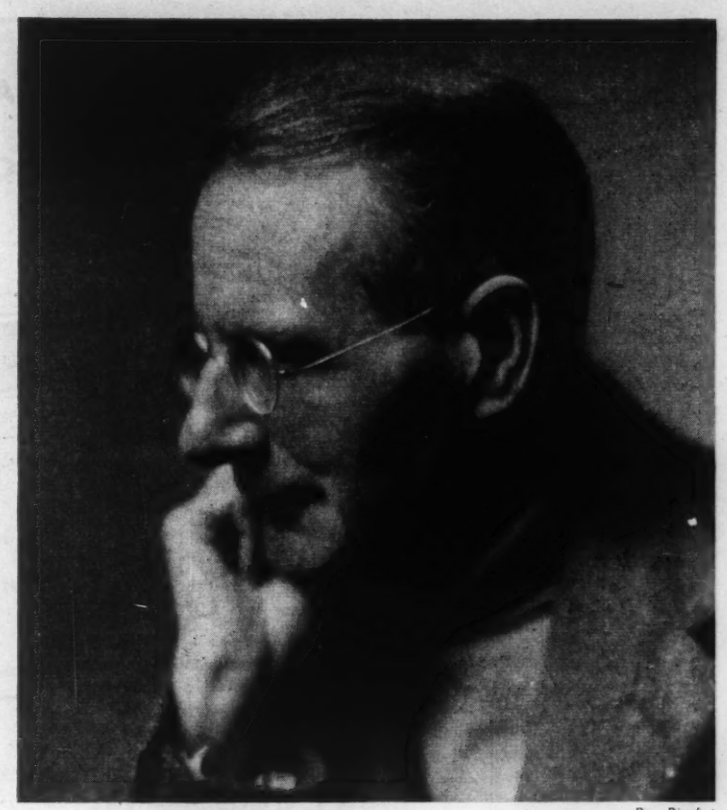
Laughter tends to mock the pompous and the pretentious; all man's boastful gadding about, all his pretty pomps, his hoary customs, his worn-out creeds, changing the glitter of them into the dullest hue of lead. The bigger the subject, the sharper the laugh. No one can escape it: not the grave judge in his robe and threatening wig; the parson and his saw; the general full of his sword and his medals; the palled prelate, tripping about, a blessing in one hand, a curse in the other; the politician carrying his magic wand of Wendy windy words; they all fear laughter, for the quiet laugh or the loud one up-ends them, strips them of pretence, and leaves them naked to enemy and friend.

Laughter is allowed when it laughs at the foibles of ordinary men, but frowned on and thought unseemly when it makes fun of superstitions, creeds, customs, and the blown-up importance of brief authority of those going in velvet and fine linen. The ban on laughter stretches back to the day when man wore skins and defended himself with the stone hammer. Many enemies have always surrounded laughter, have tried to banish it from life; and many have perished on the high gallows tree because they laughed at those who had been given power over them. Hell-fire tried to burn it, and the weeping for sins committed did all that was possible to drown it; but laughter came safely through the ordeals of fire and water; came smiling through. The people clung to laughter, and held it safe, holding both its sides, in their midst; out in the field, at home in the mud hovel, under the castle wall, at the very gateway of the Abbey.

Every chance of leisure the mediaeval peasant and worker snatched from his fearsome and fiery labor was spent in low revelry, banned by the church, deprecated by the grandees; the hodden grey put on gay and colorful ribbons, and the hours went making love, listening to and singing ditties mocking spiritual pastor and master, and whirling rapturously and riotously round the be-ribboned Maypole. The bawl of the ballad came into the Abbey or Priory Church, and poured through the open windows of the Castle Hall, irritating and distracting the lord and his lady poring over the pictured book of hours. In story whispered from ear to ear, in song sung at peasant gatherings, they saw themselves as they were seen by their people, and they didn't like it; they weren't amused, for these things ate into their dignity, made them nearer to the common stature of common men, who learnt that the grand and the distant ones were but a hand's span away from themselves.

NOTHING could kill or stay laughter, or hold it fast in one place. It spread itself out all over the world, for, though men show their thoughts in many different manners and modes, they all laugh the same way.

When Christianity became a power, and took the place of the Roman Empire, they closed the theatres, deeming them places of surly rioting and brazen infamy, destroying souls, displeasing God, and hindering holiness on its dismal way. Bang, bang went the doors, shutting poor Satan in with the shadows. The dispersed actors became wandering minstrels, and whereas before they had been thorns in the Church's fingers, now, in songs of laughter, satire, and ridicule, they shot arrows into her breast and into her two thighs. A lot of the minor clergy joined them, and added their songs, too, to the ballads of the minstrels, ridiculing and damaging the rulers of both Church and State. Footsore, tired, hungry, and ragged, they laughed their way along the highway of lord and bishop; they put a laughable ban on everything they knew, all they had heard of, laughing on, though the end of many was a drear death in a ditch, with the curse of the Church as a hard pillow for a stiffening head.



Ben Pinchot

SEAN O'CASEY: "To Mock the Pompous and Pretentious"

Nothing seems too high or low for the humorist; he is above honor, above faith, preserving sense in religion and sanity in life. The minstrels thought (as we should think, too) that "The most completely lost of all days is that on which one hasn't laughed." So, if you get a chance in the hurry and complexity of life, laugh when the sun shines, when the rain falls, or even when the frost bites the skin or touches the heart with a chill.

Laughter has always been a puzzle to the thinker, a kind of a monkey-puzzle, a tree that doesn't look like a tree at all, but is as much a tree as any other one. Philosophers and sages have stopped up many and many a night, seeking an explanation, trying out a definition of comedy; but have gone to bed no wiser, and dead tired, while man kept on laughing, content to enjoy it, and never bothering his head as to what it was. Crowds of thinkers have set down big theories about laughter and comedy, among them the great Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Jamblichus, and Kant; but though all of them were often blue in the face thinking it out, none of them got to the bottom of its mystery.

One American writer has connected laughter with Salvation; and maybe he isn't far wrong. He says: "The Church will prosper not through diminishing its requirements upon its members, nor in punishing them too severely for their delinquencies, but in showing mercy and kindness. Mercy is a flexible connective between the ideal and the real; it is a proper manifestation of the comic spirit. God, too, has a sense of humor: is He not revealed unto us as full of compassion, long-suffering, and merciful?" That is Dudley Zuver's opinion, and a new and odd one it will be to many. Not to David Lyndsay, the Scottish poet of the sixteenth century who saw God near breaking his sides laughing at a rogue of an old woman who got past the indignant St. Peter by the use of her ready and tricky tongue.

It is high time and low time that we made a sense of humor an attribute of whatever God there may be. Why, at times, the whole earth must present a comic picture to whatever deity may be watching its antics. There's the United Nations, for instance, never more divided than now in conference, sub-conference, committee, sub-committee, this council and that council, trying out one question, and making a thousand more questions out of their discussions. What fools these mortals be!

It is odd, significant, too, that in any litany, whatsoever, Catholic or Protestant, Methodist or Baptist, there isn't a single petition for a sense of humor. There are petitions for everything, ideal conditions and real conditions; for everything, except a sense of humor. If they petitioned for this, and got it, then the other petitions wouldn't be so many, for they would

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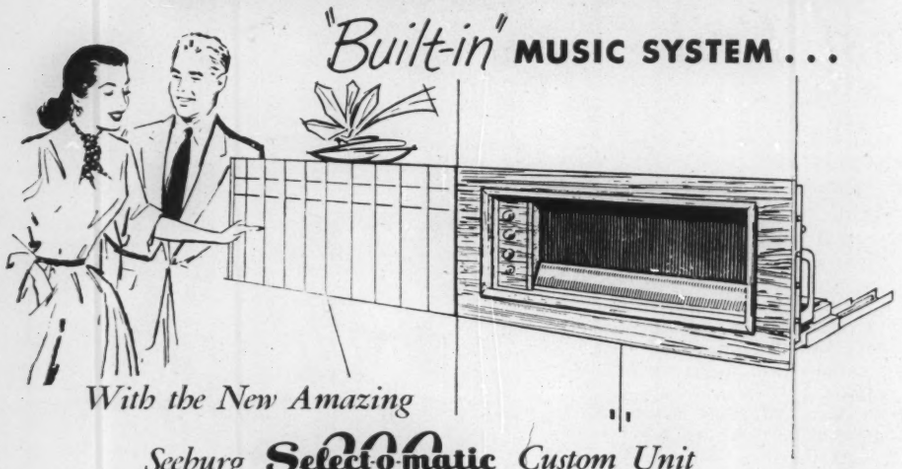

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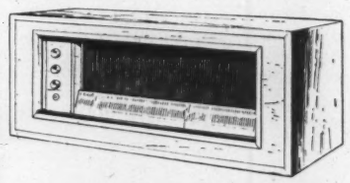

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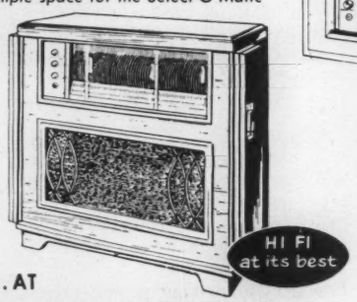

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understand themselves more clearly, and cease to pester God to do things for them that they could do in an easier and better way for themselves. They would become more tolerant, would priest and parson, more understanding, more sociable, and, in many ways, more worthy of heaven and of earth. So let all who pray ask for what most of them need badly, a sense of humor to lighten their way through life, making it merrier for themselves and easier for others. Then there will be something in the carol's greeting —God save you merry, gentlemen!

Even Shakespeare seems to be somewhat shy of laughter; even he. He rarely—save in the play, *Troilus and Cressida*—goes all out for the mockery of the heroic and the nobility. He often dismisses his clowns with a scornful gesture, as if half apologizing for their existence. He gives a semi-comic and partly-pathetic touch to the death of Falstaff, his supreme comic character, and makes poor Bardolph swing by the neck from the end of a rope for stealing a silver pyx out of a Church during the campaign in France. Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet suddenly become shadows; so does Poins. Only the ranting Pistol is left to eat the leek, and then creep away from life forever. Shakespeare kept ridicule warm for the lower class, recognizing in his middle-class way that to criticize the nobility by comic characterization might be dangerous, by letting the peasant and poor worker know what they really looked like. Yet, by and large, we can warmly feel how Shakespeare loved his rascals, a love so deep that, in their drawing, he made them live forever.

Where was laughter born, and when was it first heard? No one seems to know. We don't even know what it is. A baby knows how to cry before it learns to laugh. Its first smile is regarded as a miracle. So it is — the greatest and most valuable miracle born amongst men, though one thinker, Vico, says that "Laughter is an attribute of second-rate minds." Let it be, then, for it is a lovely humor. It is so intensely human: however we may differ in color, in thought, in manners, in ideologies, we all laugh the same way; it is a golden chain binding us all together. The human mind will always be second-rate in the sense of still having to learn. To rise above humor is to rise above partiality, and no human being can do this; we are all partial, one way or another. We do not seek to be gods; we are content to be good men and good women; useful, neighbourly, and fond of life, rounding it off with a big laugh and a little sleep.

The conscious humorist, said Vico, is a very low fellow. We're all very low fellows, for all of us, some time or another, are conscious humorists. And well we are, for our soul's sake, and for the sake of man's sanity. We couldn't live without comedy. Let us pray: Oh, Lord, give us a sense of humor with courage to manifest it forth, so that we may laugh to shame the pomps, the vanities, the sense of self-importance of the Big Fellows that the world sometimes sends amongst us, and who try to take our peace away. Amen.

The Social Scene

The Trees Return

THE POSTWAR GROWTH of Toronto's metropolitan area has produced its share of oddities, but nothing stranger than what it has accomplished in Albion Township, 35 miles to the northwest of the city. There the usual effect of a vigorous urban community on its surrounding countryside has been reversed. Albion is going back to nature.

Ten years ago, there was little animal life to be seen in north Albion except for a few herds of starved, scrub cattle. Now you can watch (with mixed pleasure if you own the garden) a herd of deer browsing contentedly amongst the cabbages and green-bean plants. Or you can watch an osprey hover momentarily above some unsuspecting fish in a muskeg pond where even fish were a rare sight ten years ago. If you strain your hearing a little on winter nights, you can hear the falsetto yammering of coyotes who are invading the remaining woodlands of southern Ontario under the sobriquet of "Brush Wolves". The lesser birds and beasts are even more in evidence. Rare Pileated Woodpeckers have staged a remarkable comeback in the Albion hills. Muskrats abound in the ponds and streams; and there are enough mink about to make my wife look pointedly at the old steel traps that are my mementos of an arctic hunting trip.

But ten years ago, before Toronto took its postwar spurt, north Albion Township was well on its way to becoming a dried-out, blown-away example of a desert in the making.

The greater part of the township lies on the terminal moraine left by the last of the glaciers when it thrust down from the north some ten or twenty thousand years ago. When the ice sheet withdrew, it left a wilderness of sand and gravel ridges along the line of its farthest advance. Over the milleniums this porous, almost sterile glacial dump was slowly colonized by the hardiest of plants which succeeded, eventually, in building up a few inches of topsoil. Then the white pines moved in and for centuries held their own on land where very little else would grow.

About 1830 the few remaining Huron hunters in the area gave way before a wave of hungry immigrants from southern Ireland, bent on building a new Eire on the thin layers of good soil which clothed the Albion hills. And, as usual, the pioneers began by felling all the trees. The straight, stalwart pines on the crests of steep drumlin knolls were dropped, sawn into logs, and given to vast bonfires that for weeks at a time lit up the summer nights. And when the sheer slopes had at last been denuded of all trees, they were planted with potatoes.

Through one generation of men, and part of the next, there was enough of a legacy from the forests to feed the settlers. Then the soil gave out. The steep hillocks shed their thin coverings of loam and it ran down the valleys into the streams. The ponds began to silt up and to change into quagmires where fish could not survive. The streams flowed swollen and unruly, carrying the better part of Albion into Lake Ontario.

The Irish settlers were stubborn men who could not see defeat. They stuck it out into the third generation; their crops grew poorer, their cattle grew leaner as the land became sterile and unproductive. The log buildings, many of which still serve as permanent habitations, began to rot and crumble. There were a few of the local people who saw the shape of things and who moved away; but they were the minority, and Albion families were large. Even the poorest of the dying farms was still being worked, up to, and including, the years of World War II.

The land changed, but the people resisted. They held to the old ways with a kind of bitter desperation so that even now the brogue is very much alive, and within the last few years the full and ancient rites of the Irish wake were held at many funerals.

Then two things happened. First, on Toronto's outskirts, the gigantic aircraft plant of A. V. Roe became increasingly avid for workmen, and a few of the Albion men found their way to the plant despite the scorn of their farming fellows. But the sight of ready money is a fine antidote to scorn, and by 1952 all but a handful of the local folk had accepted the salvation offered them by a world's fears of war. Once the break had been made, other farmers found jobs in Toronto itself, and a number moved out of Albion for good.

TODAY there are only three farms left in my area that are being worked — where twenty years ago there were thirty farms in use. Twitch grass and wild timothy grow unmolested on thousands of acres of otherwise barren land. The yellow wounds of eroded gullies are slowly becoming less distinct as the pastures are freed from the root hunger of starving cattle. The blow-sand hills, free from the plough at last, are beginning to sprout tufts of weed and stands of Russian thistle. The process of land building that ended in the 1830's has begun again, after a hard setback.

The release of the land is the first change, but the second is as important, for it has brought a new human population into Albion.

Land values show the way of the change. Even as late as five years ago the grandsons of the men who broke the land placed so low a commercial value on it that you could have bought a thousand acres for $10 an acre. Today you could expect to pay $5,000 for a few acres by the bank of some little stream.

Albion has been rediscovered, and a new wave of immigrants has come to it. The first of the newcomers were mostly wealthy men, some of them wanting farms as insulation against high income taxes. They bought a hundred or two hundred acres each. But they soon learned, if indeed they had ever had any serious intent to farm their lands, that the only crop which would grow at all was trees. So they began tree planting and the pines which had flourished on the hills a century ago were invited to return. Tree planting became a form of social competition—and the land was the gainer.

On the heels of those who itched to be land owners on a grand scale, came a swelling stream of city people who had grown weary of the struggle to reach summer cottages in the north, through the agonies of Friday night resort traffic. They sold their distant cottages, and built new summer homes on Albion land an hour's distance from the city streets. The early comers bought on water, but soaring land prices and shortage of water frontage soon restricted most of the new pioneers to chunks of open and eroded fields, or bits of saturated cedar swamps, or even bald and blowing sandy hills. They did not seem to care. And, to many of them, the challenge of building on utter ruin became a small crusade. New plantations of trees sprang up in the most desolate places—and the land gained by it.

There was a third group of immigrants who came to live throughout the years in Albion. Some were indolent idlers like myself; some were retired city people with an urge to go broke raising chickens. Many were people who worked at city jobs but who preferred the long commuting run each day to life in an apartment block. And there have been the fugitives as well, the misfits who found it expedient to seek out solitude. But most of the new residents share one thing in common—the mania for planting trees.

The city drew the reluctant farmers off the wasted farms, then sent replacements of its own. And in five years' time there has been a vast, almost incredible change in the face of the land. Now as the few remaining fields go out of cultivation, they go into the new forest. Spring time in north Albion these days sees few seed drills at work, but it sees instead a frantic scramble for priority on the Humber Valley Conservation Authority's tree planting machines. There is hardly a new resident in Albion, except the shiftless few, who is not gripped by the spirit of the thing. Factory workers, machinists, and stockbrokers alike have found, perhaps unconsciously, the pleasures of honest creation in a world that knows too little of the subject.

If the change continues at its present rapidly accelerating rate, within a decade there will be an area of real wilderness more than a hundred square miles in extent, an hour's drive from Toronto's heart. And it will be a wilderness created paradoxically by that enemy of wilderness, the modern city.

FARLEY MOWAT

The Inscrutable Cat

She hunches, a silent golden sphinx,
And thinks and drowses and yawns
  and thinks . . .
Of cosmic riddles old as Osiris?
Behold her there like a fur-swathed
  heiress,
A jewel-eyed hedonist whose mind
Is filled with the thoughts of her
  sleek kind:
Herself and her own desires. In short,
Will I let her stay on the davenport
Or put her out? And dare she try
To capture a goldfish by-and-by?
Veiled and inscrutable, she hunches
And ponders profoundly how soon
  lunch is.

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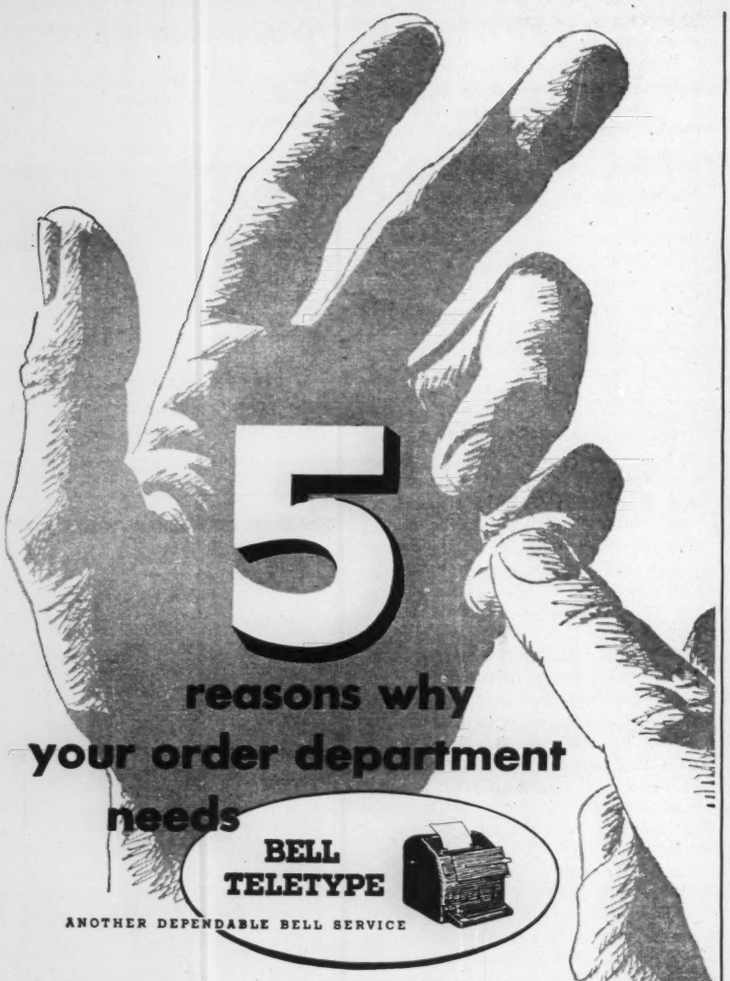

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Ottawa Letter

Canada and the Korean Truce

PRIME MINISTER ST. LAURENT has effectively scotched rumors that two of the key figures in his Cabinet, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Pearson, would abandon their present posts for other Ministries. Mr. Abbott will remain Minister of Finance at least until the revision of the Bank Act is accomplished and Mr. Pearson has authorized the Prime Minister to state that he has no desire to serve in any Ministry but that of External Affairs.

The theory of the advertisers of Mr. Pearson's desire to change portfolios was that, if he remained a specialist in foreign affairs, he would be greatly handicapped in the race for the Liberal leadership; the average voter is more interested in domestic problems, such as the cost of living, housing and marketing, and Mr. Pearson neither in Parliament nor outside of it has manifested much interest in these mundane questions. He would, therefore, be a less effective vote-getter than rivals who were authorities upon domestic problems and discoursed freely about them, it was argued.

In the present state of this troubled world, however, foreign affairs overshadow all other issues in importance, and their competent management can only be achieved by a specialist, who concentrates upon their complexities and has his mind free from other cares. It was as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that several of Britain's greatest Prime Ministers, George Canning, Lord Palmerston and the Marquess of Salisbury, won public confidence, and Mr. Eden has followed the same path. If Mr. Pearson can guide Canada's policy with such a wise and skilful hand that she can make an effective contribution to the preservation of peace for the world and to the creation of a stable international order, he will build for himself an enormous fund of goodwill throughout the country.

It is fortunate perhaps, that Mr. Pearson has been released from the Presidency of the UN Assembly, and can therefore shed the neutrality which the duties of this post imposed on him. Now he can function as an active advocate or opponent of policies about which the Assembly has to decide. Too little attention has been paid here, for example, to the declaration of policy to which Canada and 15 other members of the UN subscribed on July 27. The gist of it was that any renewal of aggression in Korea would be met by prompt and united resistance on their part and that the consequences would be "so grave that in all probability it would not be possible to confine hostilities within the frontiers of Korea."

The gravity of this pronouncement arises from the extraordinary commitments which Syngman Rhee, the President of South Korea, has managed to extract from the United States. He was only persuaded to co-operate in the observation of the truce for the duration of a peace conference with a definite time limit, when Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, agreed to affix his signature to a so-called treaty of defence with South Korea and give other assurances of his country's backing. Moreover, Mr. Rhee and Mr. Dulles have intimated that they will walk out of any conference, whenever it becomes clear to them that its continuance is serving "no useful purpose" and in any case at the end of 90 days. They have also made no bones about proclaiming their view that the only useful purpose of the conference is the unification of the whole of Korea under the now discredited regime of Syngman Rhee. Obviously, if Rhee and Dulles do not modify their aims, the conference is doomed to be a fiasco. This matter should be the subject of a full-dress debate in our new Parliament as soon as it meets.

IT IS to be hoped that in the coming session Mr. Knight, the CCF member for Saskatoon, will renew his crusade for Federal assistance for general education; more evidence of the urgent need has accumulated since he last made a powerful case for it.

A national conference of educationists, which was recently held in Halifax, was the latest of a series of similar gatherings, in which speaker after speaker bewailed the deplorable plight of the nation's education and declared that its further deterioration was inevitable, unless large additional funds were made available for its maintenance at a decent level. Reports about the morale of the 27th Canadian brigade in Germany indicate a high proportion of illiteracy among its personnel, and the Department of National Defence has found it necessary to prescribe a course of education for recruits.

According to a report of the Bureau of Statistics, Canada's population on June 1 of this year had reached a total of 14,781,000, which represented an increase of roughly 3¼ millions over the figure given by the census of 1941, and there has been no corresponding increase in our educational facilities. The large crop of children produced by the high birth-rate of the years following the close of the Second World War is now reaching school age, and children form a substantial proportion of the immigrants who have been admitted. The latest Canada Year Book asserts that, whereas the enrolment of pupils at elementary school level in the school year 1944-45 was 1,712,662, it has increased by nearly 600,000 to a total of 2,307,000 for 1953-54 and that there is every indication that by 1960 the increase will have mounted to

800,000, making the total 45 per cent higher than the 1944-45 enrolment.

Obviously, this large increase in the number of school children involves huge expenditures for the provision of additional school accommodation, and its cost is straining the resources of the educational authorities in all communities where there has been a rapid increase of population. Equally difficult is the problem of recruiting the additional teachers who are needed. In Ontario there have been strong protests from spokesmen of the teaching profession about the recent lowering of standards for teachers, which the provincial Department of Education has found it necessary to adopt.

The cold truth is that the scale of remuneration offered for teaching makes it nowadays an unattractive profession. The Canada Year Book gives no statistics about teachers' salaries in Quebec; because 30 per cent of the teachers in that province are members of religious orders serving without pay, the average salary would undoubtedly look pitiably low. But data for the other 9 provinces for 1950 show that the average salaries of teachers were as follows: Newfoundland, $996; Prince Edward Island, $1,083; Nova Scotia, $1,569; New Brunswick, $1,341; Ontario, $2,109; Manitoba, $1,689; Saskatchewan, $1,589; Alberta, $2,279; British Columbia, $2,668. There has been some increase in teachers' salaries in most provinces since 1950, but the average Canadian teacher is still asked to work for wages which a good plumber would despise.

Under such circumstances, we cannot hope to recruit for the teaching profession a sufficient number of men and women, who will assure adequate standards of efficiency in our educational system. All the expansion of our economic prosperity will avail us little if the average quality of our population is steadily lowered by lack of education. Badly educated people, who earn high wages and cannot make profitable use of their leisure, are a particularly dangerous element in a nation.

Among all parties at Ottawa there is a substantial support for Federal aid to education, but Prime Minister St. Laurent has so far opposed it most emphatically. His main reason for this opposition is that it would be an unwarrantable invasion of a field reserved for provincial jurisdiction, but he has glossed over the fact that the Federal Government had, until last April, been invading it for many years through grants for the building of vocational schools. It is the duty of national leaders to take thought of the future fortunes of their country, and the Prime Minister should give serious attention to the need for saving our educational system from further retrogression.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

•

Birch Light

This is the single day of all the year
When sixteen birches stand together
In golden somnolence around our house,
In such a full protection of clear gold
That one may look in vain for a slight flaw,
For a green crest left from summer, or a branch
From which the silent leaves have fallen.

I walk upstairs to halls that brim with gold,
To rooms suffused with apricot and amber;
I look from windows into sixteen trees
Reflecting the long stored-up suns of summer,
To columns pale as parchment that ascend
Up and beneath translucent eaves
Where the empty nest is dark in the forked bough,
And the sky beyond is brilliant blue enamel.

O if today would only last, the stillness last,
And the birches hold this pure illumination
That one more night of frost will quench! In such a light,
Remembered is the myth and fable, and revealed
The legend's wonder. A fleet sets sail for Troy,
Iseult embroiders cornflowers on a glove,
In Merlin's hand the ruby philtre trembles,
Rapunzel from a tower unbinds her hair,
And a unicorn approaches through the windless wood.

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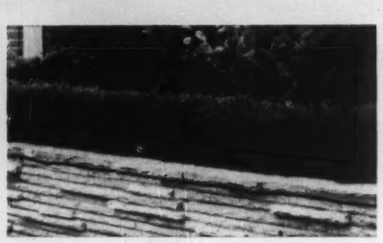

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Foreign Affairs

The Germans Are Sane Again

DUSSELDORF—The big story from Germany after the war was the ruins; when I was here three years ago it was the reconstruction. Both still astonish members of our party of Canadian editors who are here as guests of the German Government—the first such occasion in history.

But the big story from Germany today is the new political feeling that has grown up. From living in a political and moral vacuum in 1946, the Germans had progressed in 1950 to the point where they accepted but did not much respect the Bonn government. They were, besides, almost wholly preoccupied with feeding themselves well for the first time in years, and with furiously rebuilding a place to live and work in.

Now this country is a going concern. Millions of Germans have new homes. Some two million families have bought new cars in the last four years. People have begun to think again, to read and discuss serious affairs. From being rather scornful of the activities of the "little men" in Bonn, as many were on my last trip, they are pleased and proud to have a regime which has won so much praise from abroad. There is lively discussion in the press and among people I have met of the voting system which has reduced the Weimar chaos of 38 parties to a tidy, workable system of only five parties in the Bundestag.

The question of the moment is whether it wouldn't be better to go the rest of the way, elect all the members by a straight majority in the constituencies, and give up proportional representation, by which half of the members are now chosen from party lists. The very solid *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, while wholly in favor of this voting system, as used in Britain and Canada, cautions the CDU party, however, against pushing through such a change by its single vote margin in the parliament. The voters, who showed such good sense in rejecting splinter parties and giving the government a majority, should be the ones to decide such an important question. Under the majority system, the Social Democratic opposition here would come off worse than our Conservatives did.

As it is, one of the most curious results of the election, and one which threatens the SPD claim to represent the workers, is that more union members will sit in the new parliament on the Christian Democratic benches than on the Social Democratic side. These union members in the Adenauer party are, of course, Catholic unionists, while those sitting as SPD members are from the so-called "free" trades unions.

These two groups, divided many years ago by *Kulturkampf* against the Catholic Church and by the strong trend in the free unions towards atheism in Weimar days, joined after the war under an agreement that they would be neutral in politics and in cultural matters—meaning chiefly the old question of church schools. It was a noble experiment, and all credit must go to those who have really tried to unite the trades union movement in Germany, and to profit from lessons some of them learned, during exile in Britain, of the disadvantage of having the unions tied tightly to one political party.

One of these leaders, Ludwig Rosenberg, gave our group a most high-minded presentation of the labor-capital situation in this country. The unions, he said, had been careful ever since the war not to extend their claims into fields which might lead to the corporate state. They had insisted on the right of the employers to re-establish their Employers' Association, because the unions preferred to have such an association to deal with, one that could compel its members to keep its agreements, which in Germany are made industry-wide.

One would also gather from Rosenberg that the workers had not gone all-out for nationalization of industry after the war, because of their concern to avoid state capitalism or bureaucratic control. German labor believes in production, because Germans instinctively love to work. Their ultimate aim is still nationalization, at least of coal, steel and heavy chemicals, this spokesman stressed. But they are wary of the difficulties experienced by other countries; they want to preserve "real initiative."

So the German trades unions have made their main goal since the war the securing of a share in management. They actually got a law through this year granting them such a right of "Co-determination," the right to have their representatives on the Board of Management of all coal and steel firms. Their moral claim here is that it was the "fantastic will-to-work" of the workers which rebuilt Germany, at a time when the owners often were safely out of the country, or in jail as Nazi collaborators. Their political aim is to avoid the misuse of concentrated economic power for political purposes, to make sure that new Thyssens don't finance a new Hitler.

This spokesman for the German trades union organization continued his brilliant presentation by claiming credit for the restraint in wage demands which labor has exercised here since the war! They had learned their lesson from the inflation of the twenties, he said, and had concentrated on increasing production, lowering prices and restraining profits. Profits had been very high nevertheless, and there were 200 new millionaires in Germany. But the workers were not

hungry; indeed, they lived very well, if two or three members of the family were working.

As a final disillusionment, at least for me, Rosenberg then went on to explode the pet theory that there had been so few strikes for higher wages in Germany because there were so many refugees waiting outside the factory gates to take over the jobs. The refugees, he said, were mostly elderly people and farmers. Actually, it was the policy of the German trades unions to avoid strikes—though they never boasted about this.

The broadest aim of the German trades union organization is an Economic Chamber for Germany, made up half of employers and half of workers. This body would work out economic plans for the country and prepare legislative proposals, which the political parties could take up. But it should have no legislative power of its own; any approach to the corporate state is to be avoided.

HERR ROSENBERG, you can see, is a moderate man. One may be happy that a person who has learned so much from the misuse of the power of the industrialists in Weimar and Nazi Germany, from Mussolini's corporate state, and even from the British experience with nationalization, sits in the high councils of German labor. Yet I trust it is not cynicism to doubt that, not having shared the experiences of his colleagues under Nazism and war, he can possibly represent their feelings and beliefs. You have only to cross the street and talk to the Employers' Association, or read the post-election comments in the papers, to see that all is far from being so sweet.

The spokesman of the Employers' Association, Vice-President Krengel, admitted that nationalization had been narrowly avoided after the war, and you could almost hear his sigh of relief as he said that the rights of the owners of industry had been re-established.

As a matter of fact, this was a very close thing. After the war the big German industrialists were in the doghouse. Some, like Thyssen, had fled abroad; others, like Krupp, were in jail. Allied opinion was against them, and the whole political climate of the times was opposed to a few people holding such great wealth and using it for political influence. The British Labor Government, which controlled the occupation of the Ruhr, would probably have carried through outright nationalization; in a compromise with American views on free enterprise, the principle of Co-determination emerged.

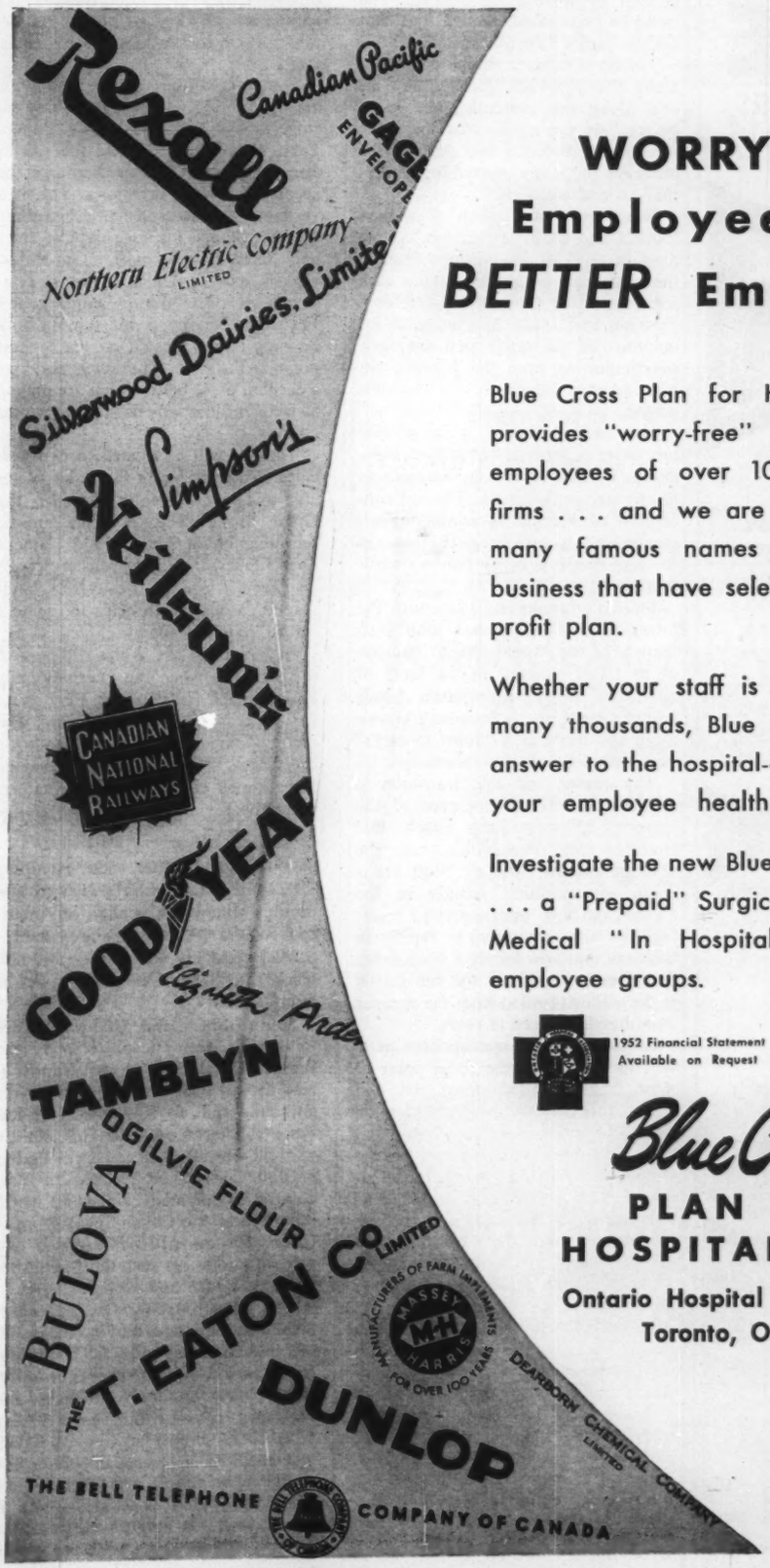
Then along came Dr. Erhard, Adenauer's bold Minister of Economic Affairs, to win what the whole world acclaims as a brilliant victory for the enterprise system. Even the German workers must admit this, as they compare their own rapidly rising living standards with those of the British and French workers.

Now, with Adenauer's great election victory, which has banished the shadow of a Socialist triumph which had hung over them for the past year or two, the industrialists are riding high. Herr Krengel will tell you that his association realizes there is an ideological competition with the East, and wants to take part in that competition. But the participation of workers in management must not be carried to the point where the workers can block new plans for expansion or improvement. "The basic ideas which we are opposing to the East are freedom of enterprise, freedom of development and freedom for the individual." The employers will now seek a modification of the Co-Determination Law.

The election outcome also threatens to shake the balance of power within the central trades union organization. Already the Catholic unions are demanding two extra seats on the executive, and a virtual ultimatum has been delivered by the CDU chief in North Rhine-Westphalia that unless the trades unions return to complete political neutrality, he will take some unnamed but dire action. During the election, the president of the central trades union organization came out against Adenauer; it is not easy to see how union leaders can oppose each other day by day across the floor in Bonn yet co-operate in Düsseldorf.

But surely the main thing is that there is a vigorous flow of ideas here. The question of how to prevent an arbitrary power from again seizing control of the country is getting much serious thought.

WILLSON WOODSIDE



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Travel

Every Family's Vacation Land

IT HAS BEEN MORE than four centuries since Florida's first known visitor, Ponce de Léon, hit the jackpot by discovering Florida. The trend he established, though, has shot up like Jack's fabled beanstalk.

Today Florida's lifeblood flows along the highways, through the air and along the railroads. The word "visitor" is the magic that turns the wheels of commerce and governs the outcome of nearly everything except the sun and elections.

Nowadays more than 5 million tourists and business-vacation visitors drop in on Florida—visitors who, in the past year, jingled the state's cash registers to the tune of $840 million. Tourism, in Florida, now accounts for one-third of the state's total economy, overshadowing even the gigantic citrus industry which is the nation's largest.

Now, with an annual influx of visitors twice as great as its resident population, Florida serves up vacations to fit any size pocket-book. The old conception of Florida as a millionaire's playground is rapidly giving way to the fact that it is every family's vacation land.

Florida's fascinating east coast, the lower part of which has long been known as the "Gold Coast" because of its tinsel glamour in the form of abundant wealth, magnificent hotels and gay night life, is becoming known more and more as a "down to earth" playground for thrifty vacationers.

The reason for this transition is apparent in the development of the gigantic 550-mile long beach that stretches from Fernandina, near the Georgia border, to Key West via a chain of sparkling islands in the Caribbean. New and improved resort facilities have sprung up so rapidly in this area that now barely a town exists that does not roll out the red carpet to the visitor—and at rates far cheaper than they have been in years.

Jacksonville, the metropolitan gateway to Florida, is the focal point of most traffic headed down the east coast. Here the visitor will find a wide variety of entertainment, accommodations and attractions blended to the tempo of a bustling, commercial seaport.

Historic St. Augustine, fascinating Marineland and the "world's most famous beach" at Daytona Beach will warrant a full share of a vacation time in Florida.

By going westward out of Daytona Beach the traveller will accomplish two purposes: relief from the congested traffic of U.S. Highway 1, and a thrilling trip through Florida's newly discovered "ridge section." U.S. 92 connects with route 17 at Deland, home of Stetson University or the traveller can continue west from Deland to Leesburg on State Highway 46 through the fabulous lake region. This connects with the newly completed U.S. 27. This is the "ridge country" highway taking the visitor through miles of gently rolling hills completely devoted to growing Florida's major agricultural crop—citrus fruits.

Central Florida's major attractions are but a few minutes' drive from the ridge highway. In the Winter Haven-Lake Wales area is found the world-famed Cypress Gardens, home of the spectacular water ski shows. This is a veritable gardenland of blooming flowers, shaded by huge cypress trees and moss-draped oaks. Gardenias, azaleas and camellias make a symphony of color during January and February. Nearby is the famous Bok Singing Tower located on the highest point in the state. The tower contains a carillon of 71 bells, which are played at frequent intervals during the winter season.

Tourists will be treated to two new cultural attractions in the Lake Wales area this year. Recently opened is the Great Masterpiece. A huge mosaic reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, the Great Masterpiece is displayed in a quiet, beautifully landscaped garden which helps to create a restful religious mood.

In January, Lake Wales will be host to thousands when the internationally known Black Hills Passion Play opens for its premier Florida showing. Depicting Christ's agony and death on the Cross, the play will be presented three times each week in a natural amphitheatre among the orange groves.

THE gold-plated strip extending from sedate Palm Beach to glamorous Miami is, in reality, an American Riviera. Within this area metropolitan night life and Florida beaches blend into a whirlpool of gay resort living.

South from Miami, Highway 1 goes to sea at Homestead. This is the famous Overseas Highway leap-frogging its way over dozens of coral reefs and sand spits to Key West, the nation's southernmost city. This is truly tropical Florida with a charm that is both delightful and restful. Its local color is highlighted by the old world influence of the Cuban-Spanish population. Visitors will be surprised and pleased to dine on such unusual dishes as turtle steaks and Key lime pies.

But glamorous beaches and spectacular attractions are by no means all the east coast has to offer. There are, for example, a number of beautiful state parks, hundreds of lakes and fish-laden rivers within easy driving distance of almost any point. Excellent facilities at reasonable rates are available in almost every section.

Florida's Gulf coastline, which is almost twice as long as the coastline on the Atlantic side, stretches gently

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BEACH LIFE: Fort Lauderdale scene is typical.

from Pensacola eastward to peninsular Florida and then on south to the Florida Keys. The Gulf Stream passes close off shore the entire length of the coast, thus furnishing a ready-made air-conditioning system that gives Florida a year-around average temperature of 70 degrees.

Actually, the Gulf coast of Florida is divided into two sections; West Florida and the West Coast, a distinction that is made because of geographical difference. Most generally the West Coast is considered to be that part of the state which runs along the peninsula. West Florida, then, is usually referred to as the portion facing southward along the mainland proper.

The Gulf Coast does not possess the gilded glamour of the lower east coast but it does have a unique appeal all its own. The charm of the people in its outlying districts is spontaneous and friendly; they rarely miss a chance to render assistance to a visitor in trouble, and a friendly exchange of greetings is always taken for granted.

Commercial attractions in the Gulf section are both numerous and interesting. Wakulla Springs, near Tallahassee, is the world's largest single spring. Its flow of 617,000 gallons a minute is said to be enough to supply every resident of New York City with 280 gallons of water a day.

Florida's largest scenic attraction is Silver Springs, east of Ocala. Here, glass-bottomed boats act as windows to an underwater fairyland.

Weekiwachee Spring, west of Brooksville, features an underwater ballet where both performers and spectators are actually beneath the surface of the water.

The St. Marks' Wildlife Refuge, 17 miles south of Tallahassee, is a wildlife showcase during the winter months. Thousands of Canada geese and all species of ducks found on the Atlantic Flyway are regular winter residents. Alligators, otter, and many other forms of Florida wildlife can be viewed from the highway through the refuge. Visitors are allowed during daylight hours.

The most fantastic and elaborate of west coast festivities is Tampa's Gasparilla celebration. On Gasparilla Day, February 8, "pirates" from the social organization Ye Mystic Krewe invade Tampa aboard a three-masted schooner flying the skull and crossbones. The city is sacked and captured amidst merrymaking unknown to the ancient west coast pirate Jose Gaspar, in whose honor the day is named.

Gasparilla touches off a series of colorful events held each year in west Florida and along the west coast. They are so numerous that they fall on the heels of one another in a riot of colored confusion.

Ft. Myers doubles up with a superduper, the Festival of Light in honor of Thomas A. Edison, a former resident, and the Gladioli Festival.

Sarasota and Bradenton pay homage to the west coast's first visitor, Hernando de Soto, and his legendary daughter Sara. Bradenton offers the DeSoto Pageant annually. The Pageant of Sara de Soto, in Sarasota, has four days of merrymaking, in March each year.

St. Petersburg comes in for a spectacular week, also in March, with her annual spring pageant, the Festival of the States. This crowded calendar of entertainment includes a three-mile long procession of glittering floats representing the natural beauties and resources of the states of the Union, Florida and St. Petersburg.

But whether you like to mingle with gay crowds or just get away from it all for a bit of fishing in a cool, secluded spot, you can indulge your taste in Florida at a price that your individual pocket-book will dictate. Just plan your vacation for Florida and expect the best.

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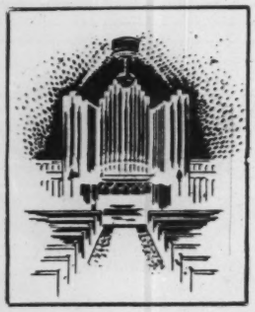

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Books

The Corruptibility of Man

THOSE PROFESSIONAL synthesizers whose business it is to make patterns of all man's thinking would probably have no trouble at all in tracking down, stage by stage, the widely-held concept that all men are depraved, and its corollary, that the job of the artist is to expose this depravity constantly. With the help of an anthropologist or two—and perhaps a geologist—doubtless it could be shown that on the caveman's walls among the happy primitive sketches there were some others which had a social significance, which were sharp commentaries on the base attitudes of their fellow cavemen. Whether such a case could be established or not, this business of artists laying bare the foibles and sins of the man next door has been going on a good long time.

Over the centuries we have been conditioned to believe that a really serious writer proves not only his courage but also his art if he takes plenty of nasty whacks at his fellows.

Take the case of Dickens—for he is one who is more than likely to come to mind in this connection: everybody is always talking about how he called attention to the horrors of the British penal system in the mid-nineteenth century; how he helped the poor and downtrodden by exposing their wretched living conditions; how he revealed the monstrous injustices of the Victorian economic system. Well, yes, Dickens did all these things—along with scores of others who had seen the same evils all around them—but, for my money at least, the one piece which he wrote in his long prolific career which is worth going back to over and over again is that wonderful collection of preposterous and happy adventures, *The Pickwick Papers*. Indeed, the only part of the long series which I am likely to skip over when I am rereading is the section where Mr. Pickwick is in gaol.

This does not prove that writers should not write about unhappy things or that great literature always glosses over the ugly, but it does show that quite a good number of readers like a little leavening of the happy in what they read and that when they find it, the writer will very likely get a rich reward.

This leavening, which has been conspicuously absent in recent fiction, does not have to be cloying, of course, but it is needed to lighten the gloom of the theory that all is irrevocably evil. Surely there is some joy in life.

Nicholas Monsarrat, whose arrival in this country was just a bit ahead of his latest novel, seems to be a chap who has come to the conclusion that everything is awful. Using the stock device of a good, tough, realistic news editor to interpret the theme of the novel, he puts it this way: "Ryan himself knew that there was no limit to the corruptibility and baseness even of normal human beings: there was nothing, thinkable or unthinkable, that one man would not do to another." Then he proceeds to list some of the "thinkable" things, but that is neither here nor there.

The point is that *The Story of Esther Costello* is based on this premise, and that, with no relief ever, it goes on and on proving it. The tale begins with a young girl who has a terrible accident which leaves her deaf, dumb and blind. Years later, an American woman finds her in her backwater Irish village, is moved to pity, takes her to the USA and sets about trying to cure or at least help her. But as soon as there is some indication of success everybody tries to get into the act. Having set up his situation, Mr. Monsarrat really goes to work to prove his theory about the corruptibility of man. He does not miss many tricks. The result is a book whose overall effect is one of fantasy, not realism.

The reason for this is not that the author failed to motivate the base activities of his characters or that he is a clumsy story teller who leaves out important links in the narrative chain, but rather that his theory of evil is in itself untenable for the average reader. No matter how jaundiced the eye as it contemplates another day, there is always the time when, for once, the dear old lady was picked up out of the gutter, and that day gets stored away in the race memory and stays there. One may well believe with Mr. Monsarrat that all people are scoundrels but there is always the qualification, "Well, not quite all of the time."

THERE IS a second element which detracts from the conviction of Esther Costello's dreadful story: there is some question that the kind of evil which Mr. Monsarrat sees should be described as basically belonging to the United States. While he makes his characters universal in the sense that he sends them around the world and gives them a chance to work their nasty ways on peoples of all nations, yet there is no doubt that the final effect of the book is a damning indictment of the American way of life.

Again, this may be quite justified, but so many, many Britishers have been indulging in the pastime these days that one cannot help but wonder if there might not just be a mote in the British cousin's eye.

One wonders the same thing about the European cousin when he picks up Vicki Baum's latest novel, *The Mustard Seed*. Once more there is a simple, but inspirational character from over the waves—this time a faith healer, called Giano, from Italy. Once more the American way of life exploits him and brings him to near ruin. Again,

it would seem that all men are bad men, with the worst of them living in the United States.

But, somehow, Vicki Baum does not seem to be nearly as barefaced about it as Nicholas Monsarrat. The old trick which she put to such good use years ago in *Grand Hotel* is still useful to her in *The Mustard Seed*. There are so many people moving across the pages of this novel—which is a long one—that the starkness of what they are doing and thinking gets a bit lost in the shuffle.

When you get down to the major idea, it is the same in *The Mustard Seed* as in *The Story of Esther Costello*, but there is a very good chance that many a reader will never dig out that major premise and will come away thinking that he has had a rich reading experience.

To get back to Dickens, this is precisely what he did, too. All the unpleasant things he had to say were put into the book, but there was such a big world of Mr. Micawbers and Little Nells and all the rest that the reader was easily lured away from having to face the grotesqueries of human depravity for too long a stretch at a time.

This is not necessarily the only or the best way of dealing with evil and keeping the reader with you. The classic writers of tragedy found out very early that there is an emotion which is called pity.

No matter how ghastly the consequences, if the writer tells his story with pity in his heart it comes out on every page and the reader is able to go along with the tale no matter how "unthinkable" it may be.

There is no pity at all, as far as I could see, in *The Story of Esther Costello*. There is instead a rage, a kind of bad-tempered impatience, with all the things and kinds of people who brought about her tragedy. In a sense, authors really are gods after all, and we like our gods to be kind.

No one is going to quarrel too much with the proposition that when the world is seen straight and clear it is a somewhat discouraging place, but, over the years, the writers who have kept alive have been those who still believed in the possibility—though certainly not the inevitability—of human redemption.

I suspect readers believe in this too, and look for it when they settle in to a book which they hope is more than easy escape fiction.

JAMES SCOTT

THE STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO — by Nicholas Monsarrat—pp. 255—*British Book Service*—$2.75.

THE MUSTARD SEED—by Vicki Baum—*Longmans, Green*—$4.50.

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In Brief

BEYOND THIS PLACE—by A. J. Cronin—pp. 316—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.95.

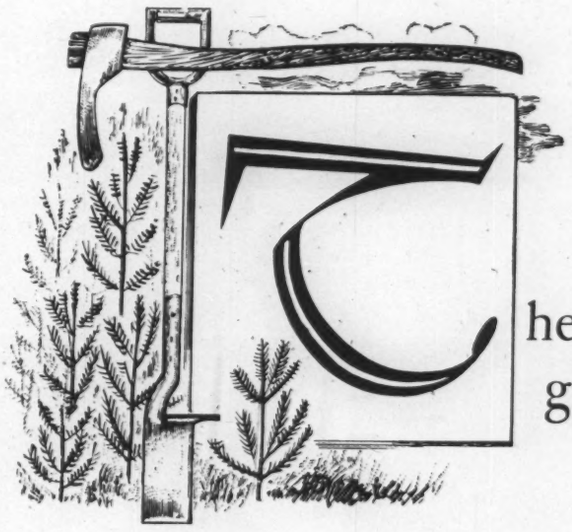
As usual, Sin and Social Injustice occupy the author, who has a predilection for the monstrous things men do. When a university student finds that his father is not dead but a life prisoner for the brutal murder of a part-time prostitute, he sets out to trace the facts of the case, becomes convinced of his father's innocence and determines to clear his name. This is the story of the young man's struggle against indifference, fear, his own poverty and illness, and corruption in high places. Among the characters there is one beautiful, humble girl whose soul is pure white, one greedy, ambitious man who is all black, and a sordid company of housemaids, tramps, jail guards and whining religious hypocrites in unpleasant greys.

One cannot help feeling that the author is sincere. If he should want to change to yet another profession, and had the voice for it, Dr. Cronin should be a huge success at the camp meetings so popular in parts of his adopted country; in the expression of indignation and reproach he has now reached the very apex of travelling evangelist style.

THE VERMILION GATE—A Novel of a Far Land—by Lin Yutang—pp. 439—*Longmans, Green*—$4.50.

Set in Si-an, the ancient capital of West China, this beautifully written

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



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THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

but complicated novel has for its main character a young woman who is the daughter of a respected poet-scholar and the niece of the rich and powerful mayor of Si-an. The time is 1932-34. Jo-an is just finishing college when she falls in love with a newspaper reporter who soon goes off to cover the fighting between Chinese and Moslems in the northwest; it is the old, old story of passionate young love, separation, and the rejection of the girl and her baby by her family.

Interwoven with Jo-an's story are the domestic entanglements of the mayor, his wife and his concubine, the abduction of a girl entertainer for the pleasure of a Manchurian war lord, and the savage, bloody conflict in Turkestan; the thread of Dr. Lin's gentle humanist philosophy tries hard to hold it all together.

The Asiatic passion for a long and intricate plot is well-known. But these three young women — student, concubine and singer-storyteller—are strong characters; they are resourceful, courageous and intelligent and their lives are the very stuff of drama. One regrets that the author has not shown them to greater advantage on a less crowded canvas, perhaps as subjects for a second group of *Three Novelettes*. Even then there would have been enough material left over for a dozen sketches.

FIRST CATCH YOUR GOOSE — by Derek Barton—pp. 206—*Michael Joseph*—$3.00.

Here is a frothy novel about an ex-WAAF named Melissa who wants to marry a neutral and rather insipid young man named Peter (he is in the Institute of Cultural Relations), and finds it harder than she expected. Among the several Waugh-like characters who oppose her, the chief is Lady Occleshaw, who manages and manipulates other people's lives, and wants Peter for her own Dymphna. The battle is joined in London and ends in Mediterranean France, all skirmishes being accompanied by much smart talk and innuendo. An entertaining and acidulous social commentary vaguely reminiscent of *Vile Bodies*, but without its bitterness — or its brilliance.

HAVANA, The Portrait of a City—by W. Adolphe Roberts—pp. 282 including index —*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

Any questions about Cuba's capital, one of the most colorful cities of the Caribbean? The answer, or part of it at least, must surely be here in this book which is half history and half information on the city today — its Cathedral, Morro Castle, famous beaches and bars, *jai alai*, art and cigars. (Banks, railroads, restaurants, cab fares and theatres are also included.) A carefully written account with, naturally, a guide-book flavor.

MERLIN'S FURLONG—by Gladys Mitchell—pp. 224—*Michael Joseph*—$2.50.

Three undergraduates answer an advertisement for "a sorcerer, witch or warlock, capable manipulating doll," and find themselves, within a matter of days, under suspicion for the murders of both a professor and a wealthy art collector. Fortunately they have a friend, a nephew of that erud[illegible] detective Mrs. Lestrange Br[illegible] Mrs. Bradley applies her adm[illegible]le powers of deduction to the case; while she untangles crossed clues and uncovers some of the nastier practices of witchcraft, she makes her usual succinct observations on life and literature.

Another ingenious chiller by an author whose skill in the genre is well known, done up in one of the most enticing dust-jackets we have seen in a long time.

ALBERT AND VICTORIA—by Françoise de Bernardy—translated by Ralph Manheim—pp. 341—*McLeod*—$6.00.

This is really Albert's story. It begins when he is born to the charming Duchess Louise in Thuringia and ends with his early death; Victoria, the self-absorbed, strong-willed woman who shared half his life, plays her large and important part, but gentle, intellectual Albert dominates the book. Hitherto unpublished material from diaries and letters adds new details to the tapestried background of European politics against which he grew up, and genealogical tables of the throne-hungry Coburgs and the fifteen children of George the Third help the reader to keep it all sorted out.

This fuller picture of the Prince Consort should be of interest today not only for itself, but because some of the same problems surround the Queen's husband and the throne. The writing is lively and the translation good.

FORMER PEOPLE—by Boris Watson—pp. 213 —*Ryerson*—$2.50.

A medium-sized serving of *gloom à la russe*, made palatable by the author's skill in creating atmosphere and building interest in minor incident, this novel of post-Revolution Russia has little in the way of plot. It is an account of a year in the lives of thirty-odd people living together in a few rooms of Malo-Sobachina, the Sobachin family manor house outside Moscow. They are "former people": aristocrats, landowners, scholars — upper class under the Czarist régime and now reduced to trading the last remnants of their possessions for seed potatoes, ineffectual against the ever-encroaching Bolshevik peasant, and totally unable to combat his villainy and brutality.

The author is sympathetic but never sentimental. His style is uneven; murky at first, but clearing to leave some memorable impressions.

R. M. T.

THE SUDDEN VIEW—by Sybille Bedford—pp. 288—*Longmans, Green*—$3.75.

Canadians prefer to do Mexico themselves rather than to let somebody write about it for them, especially when the writer is a European. Mexico is a North American tourist preserve. However, Mrs. Bedford brings her British mind and background into Mexico with a glance sufficiently different from ours to make her book of travel impressions fresh and stimulating. She has a keen eye, a good reportorial pen; both play upon Mexican history and the present state deftly and enjoyably. No photographs, for a change.

M. A. H.

Business

The Man Who is Known as "Himself"

By HARTZELL SPENCE

WHEN THE RIGHT HONORABLE Rupert Edward Cecil Lee Guinness reached the age of 21, his father gave him $10 million with which to set himself up in the social style expected of the heir to the earldom of Iveagh, the richest fortune in Ireland, and the standing of one of the ten wealthiest men in the world. The lad, however, had a mind of his own. He stood for Parliament from Shoreditch, one of the worst London slums, and moved into a tenement with his bride, Lady Gwendolen, a famous wit and beauty, daughter of the Earl of Onslow. There, to his father's horror, he remained for seven years.

Educated to be a gentleman, he knew almost nothing practical. But there was one way to find out: to see for himself. To understand the slum, he lived in it. It was as simple as all that. Since then his quest for first-hand knowledge has been a chain reaction, one inquiry leading to another.

Iveagh (pronounced Ivor), a blue-eyed, white-haired, soft-voiced, old gentleman of 79, has thus become in turn a social worker, inventor and scientist, whose stubborn inquisitiveness has affected universally the practice of medicine, dairy farming and the compost heap in every back yard. His "crazy" tinkerings produced "Adco," a chemical now known to every gardener as the factor which turns garden trash into soil-enriching manure.

In Ireland, however, he is known for none of these exploits. There he is simply "Himself". "Is Himself coming over this spring?" a Dubliner may ask one of the numerous Guinness relatives, or perhaps, "And how was Himself when you saw him last?"

This unique proper noun confers great dignity and respect, not because the earl is rich or a nobleman or a scientific tinker, but because he is something much more important to Ireland. He is the patriarchal boss of an industry which is the nation's largest single employer, which purchases the produce of her best 80,000 farm acres and pays about one-third of all Irish taxes. This enterprise is the largest brewery in the world, Arthur Guinness Son & Co., of Dublin. There is brewed a reddish-brown malt beverage known simply as Guinness, the consumption of which in Ireland is as habitual as the coke habit in the United States. If the customer in an Irish pub asks for "a glass", he gets Guinness.

Guinness also is consumed in prodigious quantities in England and exported throughout the world, due chiefly to an Irish whispering campaign now in its 194th year, that Guinness possesses certain amazing properties. These whispers—which the astute earl coaxes along by subtle promptings under the advertising slogan, "Guinness is good for you"—reach salon conversation in occasional references to the ale "with a baby in every bottle," or the most recently circulating quip that "Guinness must be good for you, since Lord Moyne has ten children." Lord Moyne, Iveagh's nephew, is vice-chairman of the company. Millions of people drink a pint of Guinness a day as a tonic.

Iveagh was not born to be a brewer at all, but to live down the stigma of being one. His father, a remarkable climber of the Edwardian era, had inherited Guinness, established in 1759. By sound management he coaxed millions of pounds sterling from the company, and with the proceeds bought his way up socially. Born a commoner in 1847, Edward Cecil Guinness became a baronet in 1885, a baron in 1891, a viscount in 1905, an earl in 1919. No one is more amused than the present earl over his father's rapid social climbing.

The first earl's principal hoist to the peerage was his purchase—while still only a baron—of Elveden, a 23,000-acre rabbit warren on the Suffolk moors. This had been developed by Duleep Singh, Maharajah of Indore, into the greatest private bird-shooting ground in England. He had also converted the Georgian mansion into a 100-room Victorian eyesore in flamboyant Moorish style. The first earl's shoots for Edward VII and George V, and for Edward VIII when he was Prince of Wales, were fantastic bird slaughters. On a single day in November, 1912, George V and Iveagh set up a record bag of 3,247 pheasant and partridge.

The present earl wanted no part of such life. After Cambridge, spurning the luxurious idleness of Elveden, he went to London and took personal charge of the slum-housing his father had established. It was to fight for better housing legislation that he stood for Parliament and lived in the slums. He has since devoted every penny of rents received from his own slum properties to the improvement of those erected by his father and the construction of new ones. One just completed, exclusively for widows and spinsters who must earn their own living, is de luxe enough for My Lord's own relatives, but the units rent for under $5 a week. Another, for newlyweds, gives each tenant a garden plot and a penthouse-like terrace. "Human dignity at a profit of two per cent," Iveagh describes these ventures.

Altogether, Iveagh served in the House of Commons for 22 years, the last 15 from the dockside area of Southend-on-Sea. When, in 1927, at age 53, he inherited his title and moved to the House of Lords, his wife won the Southend seat, one of the first women members of Commons after Lady Astor.

While in London his interest in rowboat racing introduced him to hundreds of salty amateur yachtsmen, fishermen and superannuated sailors who owned boats. He suggested to George V that if England ever again was imperilled by such a threat as a Spanish armada these men might come in handy and should be organized into a Royal Volunteer Naval Reserve. The King made him his naval aide to enrol such a flotilla, of which he was commodore for many years. At Dunkerque, in World War II, the amateurs evacuated 335,000 British and French soldiers in their tubs, yachts, scows, skiffs and trawlers.

WHEN THE stubborn Guinness became earl, he came into full possession of a fortune publicly estimated at $80 million, which he is generally believed to have increased tenfold by cagey investment. Today his fortune spans the world. He owns outright the Lion's Gate Toll Bridge at Vancouver, Canada, for example, and the multi-million-dollar shopping development at its north approach. Almost every place in the world where Guinness's dark ale is sold, Iveagh owns something.

The British Government, eyeing inheritance taxes of 70 per cent of this fortune, will be disappointed, for on August 14, 1953, the earl completed a program begun the day after the first stiff rise in British tax rates in 1931. Now four trusts control almost his entire wealth. British law exempts from inheritance tax all property owned abroad which cannot be moved. Iveagh has concentrated on this type of investment, for nobody can handily move a Manhattan office building, a San Francisco hotel, a Canadian oil field, an African mine or a New Zealand sheep ranch. The beneficiary of all this, who one day may become a billionaire, is a 16-year-old grandson now at Eton. Lord Iveagh's only son was killed in the war.

Iveagh's first decision, after his father died, was to get rid of expensive Elveden. He scorned all that it represented, from the cruel massacre of birds to the physical and intellectual waste of social competition. He has never owned a race horse or a swimming pool, a steam yacht or a fashionable villa. However, in his plan to let Elveden go, he was frustrated by the Crown itself. On the day after he ascended to the earldom he had the honor to be received by George V at Buckingham Palace. The King said, "I trust you will maintain the shooting at Elveden. The Queen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

CNR

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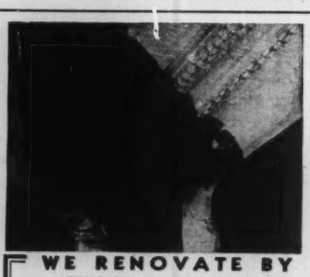

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General Manager.

Toronto, 2nd September, 1953.

Gold & Dross

Consolidated Discovery

DO YOU THINK *Consolidated Discovery is a good buy at the present price of 2.15? Could you tell me what properties lie adjacent to this mine?—D. H., Gravenhurst, Ont.*

With excellent results continuing to be reported by this mine, it seems evident that the company is heading for the best year in its history. The report for the eight-month period ending August 31, shows that the mill produced 22,757 ounces of gold from the milling of 21,588 tons of ore. This provided an operating profit of $381,000 for the period.

These earnings should provide ample funds for the development work now under way and planned. Deepening of the shaft is expected to commence about the first of November. The ample hydro power now provided to the property should make rapid progress possible.

From the market action of the stock it appears that the quick advance from the 1.50 level prevailing in June, to the August high of 2.58 has been corrected by the recent decline to the 2.00 mark.

With the Toronto Stock Exchange Gold Index brought back to test the 1950 low at 69.95 and the group meeting good support, despite the gloomy effect of strikes at a number of mines, Consolidated Discovery appears to be in a buying position for a possible move back to the high.

Companies holding property adjacent to Consolidated Discovery are Conwest Exploration, LaSalle Yellowknife and Goldmac.

Peruvian Oils

I HAVE *a considerable holding of Peruvian Oils and Minerals. What is your opinion of this company and its possibilities?—G. W., Toronto.*

Peruvian Oils was reviewed in the April 18 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. At that time we pointed out that the prospects of this company were not too good on the basis of the possible funds the company could raise and the costs of drilling and exploration work that had been experienced by companies long active in South America. The amount of money that could be raised by the financing agreements seemed hardly adequate to finance an exploration and drilling program.

Since then the world's supply of crude oil has definitely shifted to the surplus side and it is apparent that only the big companies such as the Royal Dutch-Shell Group, Standard Oil and International Petroleum, with tanker fleets, refineries and distribution facilities can handle South American production profitably.

With limited finances available, it would appear that only a great stroke of fortune in the way of a big discovery would enable Peruvian to do any more financing. Certainly the market action of the stock in its precipitous decline from 3.50 to 1.05 indicates there is little confidence being shown in its prospects.

From what we can see of the outlook for this stock and its market possibilities, we consider any recovery in the price would be an invitation to sell it short in the expectation that it will decline into the minor pennies.

Bobjo Mines

I HAVE SHARES *in Bobjo Mines Ltd. that I bought some years ago at 20 cents. I would appreciate your opinion as to the future prospects of this company. Would you recommend selling or purchasing more shares at the present price of 40?—F. R. P., Victoria BC.*

Bobjo, at the present time, appears to be an attractive speculation. The extensive holdings of the company include 156,816 shares in God's Lake Gold Mines, which is investigating a promising nickel prospect in the Lynn Lake area of Manitoba; 41,280 shares in Dominion Magnesium, a leading Canadian producer and fabricator of magnesium; a considerable interest in oil fields in the Williston Basin and considerable interests in mining companies. These give the company several promising bets.

Working capital is being reinforced by the sale of shares under an option agreement that provides for the sale of 400,000 shares at net prices between 40 and 50 cents. These options, originally due on July 21 and October 21 of this year, have been extended for sixty days.

With the oil operations showing success, it appears advisable to hold your stock at the present time. A retreat to around 30 would warrant further purchases.

Massey-Harris

I READ *your recent article on the Massey-Harris-Ferguson merger with a great deal of interest. In view of this analysis and your previous correct estimate of the stock's movements, I am considering taking a short position in it. What is your estimate of how far this stock could decline?—G. A. T., Toronto.*

Since the August 8 issue, when we noted that the outlook for the farm equipment group was anything but good, Massey staged a sharp recovery to our estimated supply level of 10 and in very short order retreated to 8. At the time of writing the stock has had considerable difficulty in lifting to 8⅜ and in view of this action and the following factors we agree that the short side is the best side to be on.

Completion of the merger agreement has expanded the capitalization by 1,805,055 shares to 9,500,855. Continuation of the present common dividend of 60 cents per share, which in 1952 required $4,617,205, will

necessitate an increase in disbursements to $5,700,238 per year. In view of the declining rate of business, which has forced a layoff of 325 more men at the Toronto plant, it seems reasonable to question whether this payout, which would require half of the $10,868,600 net profit shown for the year which ended October 31, 1952, can be continued.

As was pointed out in the article on the merger, profit margins have shrunk from 9.1 per cent in 1950 to 4.8 per cent in 1952 and the present outlook for the saturated farm market hardly warrants any expectation of a reversal of this trend. In fact, reduced volume of sales and the increased costs of effecting sales point to its extension.

Should the dividend be reduced, at a time when the general trend of the markets is downward, then the stock would receive a sharp impetus towards an estimated objective of 4½. While this may appear low, the price on the old stock would be 22½. This stock in 1949, when the outlook for the sales of farm products and farm equipment was much brighter, sold at 15¼ or on the five for one split basis of 3. The dividend then, new stock basis, was 42 cents. Considering the increase in the share capital and the increases in the funded debt, which will require more than the $1,403,167 paid out in interest in 1952, we hazard the estimate that the dividend could be halved by next year. This would induce a further phase of the downtrend to bring the stock down to about 3.

Thus we quite agree with your taking a short position and consider that any lift near 9 will provide a selling spot.

Great West Uranium

E COULD YOU GIVE ME *any information on Great West Uranium Mines? There is quite a sales campaign for the stock going on in this territory and I would like to know if, in your opinion, it has any value.—I. F. S., Tisdale, Sask.*

Like beauty, the value of super-risk unlisted promotion stocks is in the eye of the beholder. There is no known way of evaluating a prospect until a lot of drilling, using up time and money, is done.

Even then, as the long lists of dead and dying companies in the back of the mining handbooks attest, mining stocks are very much a speculation. The value of any promotion stock is just what it can be sold for, no more. The record shows that the odds against any mining venture being a success are about 800 to one. And, as is evident, the purchase of unlisted "cats and dogs" can hardly be classed as a fair gamble, let alone a speculation.

New Age Uranium

I AM CONSIDERING *buying some New Age Uranium Mines. Can you tell me something about this company and what do you consider its value?—C.B.T., Toronto.*

New Age is purely and simply a prospect. Until an ore body is definitely outlined by an extensive diamond drilling campaign, the only value that can be placed upon the stock is the valuation expressed by the market. As a straight speculation, the stock should be sold whenever an advance offers a quick profit.

In spite of all the propaganda that has appeared upon the subject of uranium, we note that so far only two commercial producers seem in sight. We also note that while there are over 500 uranium mines producing in Colorado, many on a vanadium by-product basis, and while the United States Government is advancing some $500 million to South African gold mines for the recovery of by-product uranium from mill tailings, there is a great dearth of news from the great majority of uranium prospects here, and no sign of Uncle Sam handing out any firm contracts for production.

Pantan Mines

S WOULD YOU *advise the purchase of Pantan Mines Ltd.? Would you rate this company an above average speculation?—L. P. D., Cheticamp, NS.*

Pantan has a copper-gold prospect some 5½ miles south of Noranda. So far only surface work and a limited amount of diamond drilling has been done on the original property and surface work is under way on the group of eight claims held under option.

As a small company, which is still very much in the promotion stage, it appears to be facing a difficult time in obtaining the financing necessary for extensive exploration of the properties.

With the markets in their present downward trend, with little speculative enthusiasm evident, it appears that there is a very high ratio of risk to possible gain in the purchase of highly speculative prospects. Purchase of them cannot be recommended at this time.

In Brief

S WHAT WOULD *you advise me to do with shares of Peruvian Oils? —G. W., Toronto.*

Sell them.

COULD YOU *give me any information about Allied Mines Syndicate Ltd? Is it still active?—R. L., Montreal.*

Charter was cancelled in 1946.

Is there any future for the shares of Rahn Lake Mines? — L. D., Thorold, Ont.

None that can be seen now.

Would you advise holding Consolidated Allenbee?—S. E. O., Yarmouth, NS.

No.

Would you consider Gan Copper a good speculative buy? — D. C., Hamilton, Ont.

Definitely, no.

Do you recommend holding shares of Kenwell Oil, bought at $1.98?—M. H., Montreal.

Not recommended.

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A note on the constitution and the powers of the new Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto is also included.

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
DIVIDEND NO. 267

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

Toronto, 4th September 1953

Certificate No. C-1426

has been issued authorizing The Reinsurance Corporation Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

Mr. V. R. WILLEMSEN has been appointed Chief Agent.

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The B. Greening Wire Company Limited

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 64

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on September 2nd, 1953, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable October 1st, 1953, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1953. At the same meeting a special dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was also declared payable October 1st, 1953, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

A. M. DOUDA,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario,
Sept. 2nd, 1953.

Ashley & Crippen

GORDON S. SHIPP: Ten houses a week.

Who's Who in Business

GORDON STANLEY SHIPP was in his late twenties before he began to think about leaving his 100-acre farm and entering the building trade. By the time he was 30 his mind was fully made up. "My wife was having to work too hard on a farm and, in any case, building had always appealed to me," he says. "So my cousin and I went into partnership, bought some land, and started to build."

At first, he was ignorant of the tricks of his trade. Unlike most builders, whose experience is gained by a lengthy apprenticeship in various construction jobs, he had started at the top and the new firm's foundations were anything but secure.

Little by little his knowledge grew. The partnership was dissolved and he struck out on his own, putting up houses at East York, at Forest Hill and at New Toronto, building his way across the city to Toronto Township. There, four years ago, he started to erect one of Canada's biggest private housing projects, Applewood Acres.

He learned every one of the intricate jobs that go into the building of a house until he could lay a floor, plaster a wall or tile a roof as well as any one of the 150 men who now work for him. He built his own seven-roomed home in about four months, which is, like most Shipp houses, well below the national average time of six to seven months.

Seven years ago his only son, Harold, left college at the age of 20 and joined him in the business and it is the firm of G. S. Shipp & Son Limited that is taking the credit for the 700-house Applewood Acres — a development scheme that fits so well into the natural landscape that many of the newly-built homes boast fully-grown apple trees in their gardens.

To keep tab on the progress of Applewood Acres, the Shipps installed an ingenious, wall-length master plan which showed just what stage each house had reached at any given time. This will be extended soon to include the new shopping centre which the firm is now planning to build.

White-haired Gordon Shipp is a big man with a soft voice, a reserved—almost shy—manner, and a serious preoccupation with his job. At 61 he has thirty years' experience of building behind him, a fact that won the trade's recognition earlier this year when he was elected President of the 1,500-strong National House Builders' Association.

He is an even-tempered man, roused only by such things as the excess of red tape which seems to thrive around the building business in much the same way as ivy clings to the walls of an old house. One of his Association's current problems is the shortage of mortgage funds for financing new homes and though most builders will obtain a mortgage for the tenant to take over, they may have to fill in as many as forty-five forms during the process. "Forty-five forms!" he says expressively. "If it gets any worse, some builders will never find the time to build."

Because his presidency of the NHBA makes him Canada's top housebuilder, he finds little time for outside activities. At present his firm is building ten new houses per week and that means that the President's telephone is always busy. A non-smoker and a non-drinker, his only relaxations are color photography and fishing and, not unnaturally for a one-time farmer, he is fond of the open air.

Almost every week-end in summer he drives his black Cadillac car to a summer cottage in Bobcaygeon. He built that, too.

JOHN WILCOCK

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and I will be pleased to visit you in October."

Since a royal wish is a command, Iveagh continued the bird breeding until George V died in 1936. But he refused to throw his money around unproductively. He began a fight as stubborn as any in his life: to make those moors, blown by moving sands and populated by millions of rabbits, pay their own way. Elveden is today the largest and most productive general farm in England. The birds are almost gone. The great house is dark, its $2,500,000 worth of furniture in dust covers while the earl lives in a five-room gardener's cottage.

Iveagh's curiosity was encouraged by a fortunate marriage. His wife, enthusiastic where he is dogged, witty where he tends to plod, has shared his life with such empathy that in 1951 Iveagh could say publicly of her, "In everything I have undertaken for 48 years, she has been part of myself." Elveden employees use Lady Iveagh as a sounding board; her quick, off-the-cuff reaction is almost sure to forecast her husband's considered judgment.

Consequently, Lady Iveagh has never been surprised at, or resistant to, any of His Lordship's "projects." Once when prowling on a manure pile to find out why dung is rich in nutrients, he discovered that heaped manure gives off large quantities of volatile methane gas. He therefore put a big tin hood like the roof of a silo over the farm manure supply, collected the gas, and pumped it under pressure into a storage tank. He then ran gas pipes from the tank to the house, where he uses the methane for heating and cooking.

One day, observing the burning of brush and weeds, he wondered whether they, like the straw in manure, could be used to enrich the soil. He took this question to a young man who would one day be world acclaimed as a biochemist, the late Sir Almroth Wright. With another young chemist named E. Hanneford Richards, Wright conducted thousands of experiments to reproduce chemically the effect of animal droppings on plant life. The secret learned, they organized a company to manufacture *Adco*.

On the farm Iveagh was bothered by hay fever. When his doctor told him there was no known cure, he set up a laboratory at St. Mary's Hospital, London, to study the problem, employing Wright and another promising youngster named Alexander Fleming. In this, the Wright-Fleming Institute, of which Iveagh has been chairman for a quarter century, the antibiotics were pioneered. Fleming, now a knight, is known as the discoverer of penicillin. But it was Iveagh, stubbornly growing experimental fungus and rare grass at Pyrford and turning them over to the laboratory for analysis, who supplied the raw materials in which the discoveries were cultured.

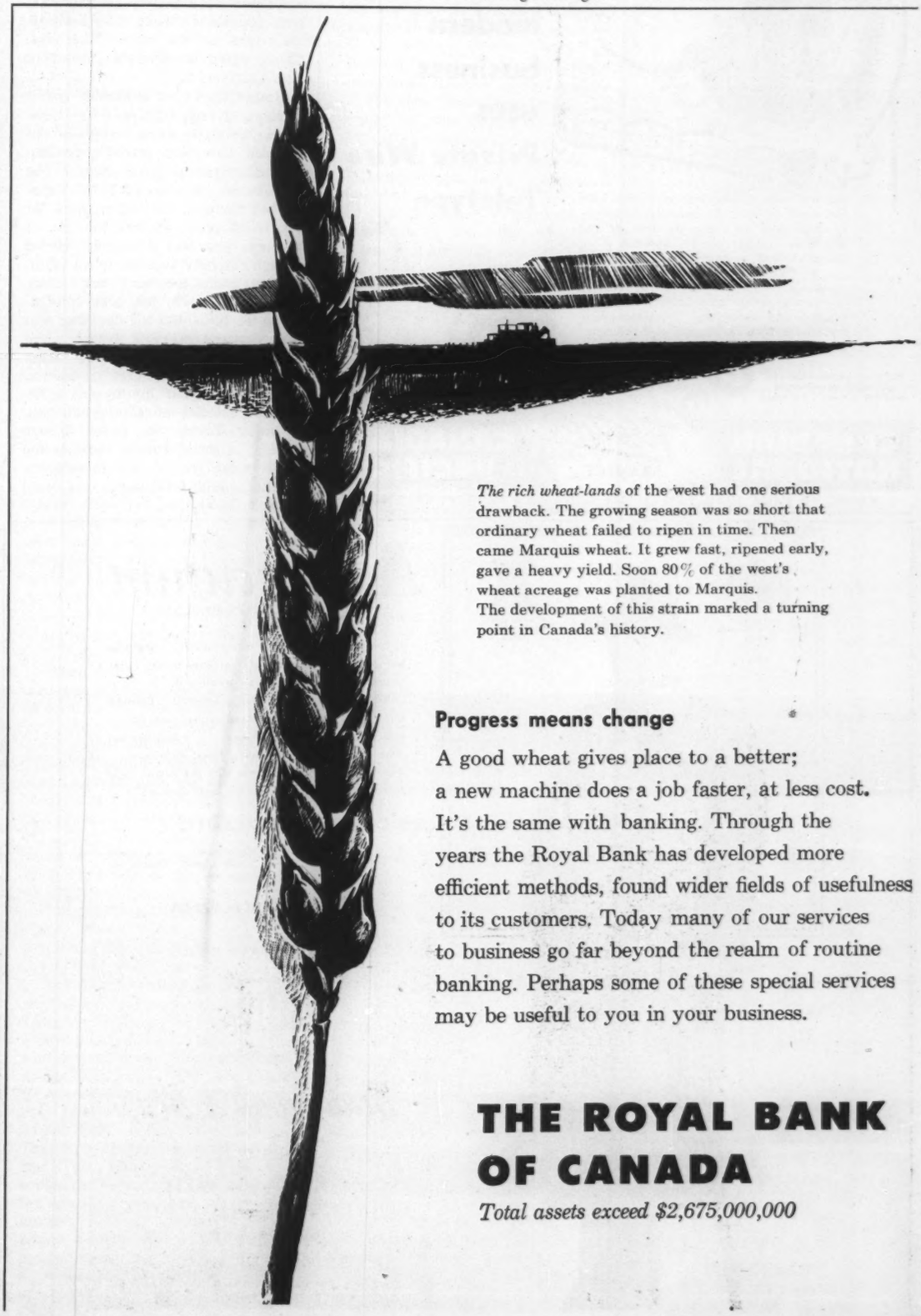
One of Iveagh's other famous national battles involved the Forestry Commission, which plants trees on useless land. At Elveden, which has some of the poorest wastes in all England, Iveagh proved that even miserable soil can be made productive. As early as 1912 he protested in the Commons against the British policy of buying cheap food abroad at the expense of local farmers. "The day will come," he said, "when we will rue it." The day arrived in 1939, when Britain's urgent need for food proved that Iveagh was right.

Even though every inch of cultivated land at Elveden must be deep-fenced against rabbits and anchored against creeping sands, Iveagh had by war's end 10,000 acres in production, with an annual yield of 300,000 gallons of milk, 1,700 tons of salable cereal grains, 7,500 tons of beef, 1,000 lamb carcasses, 42,000 pounds of sugar beets and hundreds of tons of surplus dried alfalfa—all this on a farm the government still contended was useless.

Even after this rousing demonstration, the Forestry Commission tried in 1950 to snip off 3,000 of Elveden's acres for a tree belt. Iveagh roared like one of his own dairy bulls. His rage reverberated throughout England and rattled through Parliament. When the Commission, after whittling its demands, executed a purchase order for 650 acres, Iveagh's indignation became even louder.

"I will not abandon a principle," he announced. "That would be appeasement. Have you forgotten what happened to Czechoslovakia?" He demanded a parliamentary inquiry. The appointed committee took a look at lush Elveden, with its tidy $500,000 gross farm income against $350,000 costs, its employment of 300 persons, and refused the Forestry Commission a single acre.

Now Iveagh is embarked on a new crusade. He contends that England has 800,000 acres of wasteland no



The rich wheat-lands of the west had one serious drawback. The growing season was so short that ordinary wheat failed to ripen in time. Then came Marquis wheat. It grew fast, ripened early, gave a heavy yield. Soon 80% of the west's wheat acreage was planted to Marquis. The development of this strain marked a turning point in Canada's history.

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worse than Elveden was, and he wants those marginal tracts put into profitable production to feed England's millions.

Naturally, he hates the encroachments of the welfare state. During the Socialist regime he visited Canada, where, if his investments were tallied, he probably would rate as one of the Commonwealth's richest capitalists. At Vancouver reporters met him with the question, "How's England going?"

"It's going to the devil," Iveagh replied bluntly. An adviser quickly suggested that this was not quite what His Lordship meant, fearing such a quotation would cause the earl political difficulties at home.

"Of course I meant it," Iveagh contradicted him. "I believe it. Why shouldn't I say it?"

"But what if the reporters throw it up to you on your return?"

"I hope they do," Iveagh grunted, "so I can say it again."

This man, so stubborn a British lion that he will defy the entire Government, is a timid mouse before his own employees. The estates are cluttered with sinecurists. "They have lived all their lives on my estates," he says. "They would be miserable anywhere else. Let them be."

Rather than hurt a humble man's feelings, Iveagh delayed for three years the agricultural expansion of Elveden. Every acre placed in production destroyed a game shelter. The gamekeeper, 80-year-old T. W. Turner, had managed the bird program for nearly 60 years. To him the loss of a single nest was a tragedy. Hence Iveagh carefully avoided, in his planting program, the very best lands, which traditionally had been consigned to the birds. But the day after war was declared in 1939, Iveagh raced to town and procured an "order" from the county agriculture committee. This "commanded" him to put 10,000 acres of Elveden into food production. Showing Turner the paper, Iveagh said, "I'm sorry, Turner, but now the birds must go." A war emergency Turner could understand, and even forgive.

Since his elevation to the House of Lords, Iveagh attends parliamentary sessions only when one of his own enthusiasms is under challenge. In 25 years he has made just one speech, and that of only five words. A bill was under debate to eliminate highway road signs.

"Everywhere I go," proclaimed an indignant peer, "I am unable to see our beautiful English countryside for the billboards alleging that 'Guinness is good for you.'"

The venerable earl, his Irish dander flaming, red of face under his platinum white hair, remembering the public benevolences his Guinness millions had brought the nation, rose to his feet.

"Guinness *is* good for you," he shouted, and sat down.

•

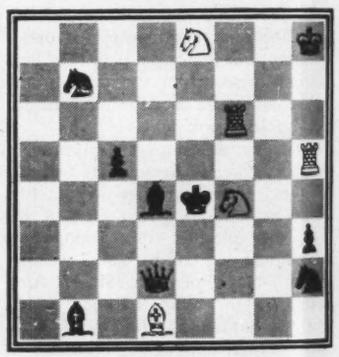
Chess Problem

SOME OF THE SIMPLE TASKS depending on variations by the black pieces, that with the Bishop has had the least effort on the part of composers.

An attractive problem is No. 33 below. It is a complete block after the key, and to the few variations from the B at Q5 are added some other interesting features:

Problem No. 33, by P. F. Blake.

Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White to play, mate in two.

When it comes to task maxima with single black pieces in longer problems, there is considerable more neglect. We find good Bishop play in the following three-mover by W. A. Shinkman. It is also a complete block after the key:

White: K on QKt3; Q on Q3; B on K4; Ps on QR5 and KB6. Black: K on QB4; B on KB5; Ps on K3 and KB2. Mate in three.

1.B-Kt7, B-Kt6; 2.QxB, etc. 1.B-Kt7, B-K5; 2.Q-B4ch, etc. 1.B-Kt7, B-Kt1 or R7; 2.Q-Q2, etc. 1.B-Kt7, B-K6; 2.Q-R6, etc. 1.B-Kt7, B-R3 or B8; 2.Q-Q8, etc.

If P-K4, White can continue 2.Q-Q8, or 2.Q-B3ch or B4ch. If B-B2; then 2.Q-B3ch or B4ch.

Solution of Problem No. 32.

1.R-KKt7, P-B4; 2.R-Kt6, etc. 1.R-KKt7, K-K3; 2.B-B4ch, etc. 1.R-KKt7, K-K5; 2.Kt-B3ch, etc. 1.R-KKt7, KxKt; 2.B-B4, etc.

The set reply to P-B4 is 2.Kt-K5 and 3.B-B3 mate. A first prize mutate.

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Sports

Gone With the Four Horsemen

ONE OF THE PLEASURES of being a sports columnist lies in the fact that there is considerable latitude in the field loosely described as "sports." For instance, I have no compunction about infringing upon the department of my bearded friend, Lister Sinclair, who writes about Music for this estimable weekly.

Well, man and boy, I have been watching sports for more than 30 years and there was a period, in the days of arrant amateurism, when music was associated closely with athletic pastimes. There was, in the Twenties, the era of the Tea Dance or, as it was known in Montreal, *Le Thé Dansant*. The Tea Dance was a stirring athletic event which began about 4:30 p.m. and extended until the hours of the evening when the saturnine captain-waiters announced that the cover charge (*charge couvert*) was about to be imposed.

At this juncture the afternoon's football heroes, who had arrived at approximately 5:30 and who wore pieces of adhesive tape to attest to their afternoon's feats of derring-do, abruptly took leave of their inamoratas and left their cheques to be picked up by mere civilians.

Mr. Sinclair confuses me more than slightly when he writes about Chopin or J. S. Bach but I can tell him a heck of a lot about Red Nichols and his Five Pennies or Benny Moten and his Mound City Blue-Blowers.

The athletes of my day were a hardy breed. They'd rush right down from the football stadium and into the Salle d'Or of the Mount Royal Hotel. Mr. Jack Denny was one of the first musicians to form a band which was devoid of a brass section but the musicians performed at such tempo that three or four tours of the floor were much more arduous than 60 minutes of football. (The only athlete of my time who survived this period without bucking his shins or bowing a tendon was my room-mate, J. Carrington Harvey, Jr. Harvey danced so slowly and spent so much time in one small corner of the floor that the hotel management erected a plaque to him in that sector when Sir Arthur Currie finally requested him to leave Old McGill after he had spent three years in the one class.)

In my own circumlocutionary fashion, I'm getting around to the fact that the boys in Tin-Pan Alley haven't written much original or lasting music since the days when the captain-waiters at the Mount Royal would give you a ringside table and the red carpet treatment for a dollar tip.

I am sure that Mr. Sinclair will forgive me if I suggest that the best and most lasting of what we are pleased to call "popular music" was written in the same era which saw the ascendancy of Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Red Grange and Knute Rockne and The Four Horsemen.

When you turn on your radio today and you hear a melody which impels you to pat the floor gently with your toes, the chances are that the melody was written sometime prior to 1930. What I'm getting around to, Mr. Sinclair, is that, with the exception of Rodgers and Hammerstein and about half-a-dozen of their contemporaries, the calibre of composers of popular music has declined, just as the calibre of professional boxers has gone all to hell.

The peculiar thing is that so-called "jazz" wasn't taken seriously until that era of coon coats, hip flasks and the Million Dollar Gate.

Probably the gentleman who started the fad was Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington. Back in the late Twenties, Hollywood produced a film in which were featured two estimable gentlemen named Amos and Andy. Mr. Ellington provided the theme music for this little picture and subsequently he recorded two numbers from the film. They were entitled "Ring Dem Bells" and "Three Little Words." They were considered to be pretty solid stuff and, the first thing you knew, all the adolescents were throwing away their pin-up pictures and making collections of recordings. A young man was a social outcast unless he had a stack of records as high as an elephant's thigh.

I'm not suggesting that Ellington invented jazz—he simply popularized something that had been kicking around for 20 or 30 years. When he visited London, on a European tour, the august and stately *Times* reported on the event and referred to his music as "extremely dangerous stimuli."

Never considered it quite that way myself, Mr. Sinclair. But, Mr. Ellington had something. The first time I saw him, he was playing in a joint named the Cotton Club at the corner of Lexington and 125th in Harlem. He had quite a band then with such solemn looking fellows as Sonny Greer, Johnny Hodges, Juan Tizol, Howard Carney and a gent with the improbable name of Bubber Miley.

The trail from Ellington led, naturally, to Louis Armstrong. Strangely enough, Armstrong's records, at that time, were better known in Europe than they were in North America. The first time I saw Louis, he was out in Chicago playing in a basement creep joint known as "The Showboat." Armstrong probably never had heard of Chopin or J. S. Bach at that time but when he unwound his horn, he could hit 100 consecutive High C's above High C.

Armstrong, who looked just as old then as he does today, hadn't yet realized that there was money in popular music. He was a carefree extrovert who bounced around the joints having fun and making music. It was many years later that his trumpet led him into motion pictures and he became the pal of Bing Crosby and developed a bankroll and stomach ulcers. No musician of that era developed ulcers unless they resulted from drinking bathtub gin.

WHEN Mr. Sinclair gets around to writing a history of American jazz, he can wrap it up in that period between 1925 and 1935. It seems to me that the boys have been taking themselves too seriously in recent years. Even Ellington got himself an arranger named Billy Strayhorn and now most of His Grace's recordings sound like three diesel locomotives going upgrade through the Connaught Tunnel.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Sinclair could get the background for four or five chapters simply by requesting the Brunswick company to send him all those old recordings by Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. "Five Pennies", eh? That's a laugh for you—there must have been 20 or 30 musicians in that recording unit. Just to mention a few of them who recorded with Nichols, there were: Benny Goodman, Jack and Charlie Teagarden, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Ben Pollack, Gene Krupa, Harry James, Red Mackenzie, Frankie Trambauer, Glenn Miller, Arthur Schutt, Joe Venuti, the warm fiddler, and Eddie Lang, the greatest of all guitar players.

Well, Mr. Sinclair, if you'd like to write a piece about November's Grey Cup football final, it's okay with me.

Pardon me while I get out my coon coat, my recordings and listen to Cab Calloway's stirring rendition of "I Can't Dance—I got Ants In My Pants."

JIM COLEMAN

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Food

A RECIPE for success as a *restaurateur*: be a lawyer, escape from Hitler's Germany, wash dishes in a Montreal restaurant. That is the story of 52-year-old Hans Fread, of Toronto's famous Sign of the Steer.

We assumed he must have been interested in cooking in his native Saxony. No, said Mr. Fread firmly. "But I like to live well." And he believes if you have an average intelligence and know what you want to do, you can do it. He arrived in Canada, in 1939, via Switzerland, France and England, with $65. His English was limited to the usual school-book variety. "I had to eat," he says, "and the only job I could find was dishwashing." Later he moved to Toronto and decided there was a future in the restaurant business.

His wife Shirley (a Toronto girl) says Hans is very adventurous in cooking. Hans agrees. "If you want to cook well, you have to be an adventurer." He feels too many people either follow recipes slavishly or else they say cooking is a great art and treat it with the respect of an atomic secret. Nonsense, says Hans. He cooks according to his own ideas and tastes.

But he does not consider himself a great chef. A bona fide chef, according to him, is a craftsman. Hans is not that. He feels more like an artist.

Hans Fread is quite sure that all you need is a little imagination to translate your business into a success. He can prove it, too. When he decided to start his own restaurant, about five years ago, he borrowed $4,000. The first week of business, he took in $165. Today, his yearly turnover is $200,000; and he has the plans ready for a quarter of a million expansion.

He has a popular weekly TV cooking program, so we asked him for an exclusive recipe.

Stuffed Pheasant

1 pheasant, 1 egg, 4 oz. mushrooms, 1 small onion, 2 slices bread, 2 oz. fat, 4 oz. Madeira wine, 1 small tin *pâté-de-foie gras* (if available), 1 teaspoon flour, salt and pepper, a walnut of butter.

Prepare stuffing by frying the chopped onion and sliced mushrooms in fat. Soak bread, squeeze well, and add it. Work these together well, with a fork, season and fry till bread loses all its stodginess. Let it cool, and then add egg. Mix in the *pâté-de-foie*. Salt pheasant inside and out, and stuff with the mixture. Smear some cold fat on outside of the bird, and put it in a bag made of two thicknesses of greaseproof paper. Pour the wine into bag, and tie it up well so wine will not escape. Put bag into a greased casserole, add a few tablespoons of water to the casserole, cover and bake (375°F) for 1½ hours. Pour liquid from bag into a saucepan. Mix in the flour, and let thicken before pouring on the pheasant.

Harold White

NANCY, *daughter of the Gilbert Eatons, of Winnipeg, in a dress by Dorinda of Winnipeg.* (*See page 30.*)

Women

Morton Prast

A CHARMING PORTRAIT *of Gay (left) and Gillian, daughters of the Ian Wylies, of Scotland, and grand-daughters of George H. McIvor, Commissioner of the Canadian Wheat Board, Winnipeg, and Mrs. McIvor. They are wearing frocks made by Dorinda.*

Conversation Pieces:

HILDA MEEHAN, assistant editor on the women's page of the Montreal *Gazette*, has been visiting in Germany. She writes that the average German girl is not as well dressed as her Canadian counterpart, but she does have style sense. Material is comparatively cheap and many copy styles from U.S. magazines and movies. For those who can afford the best clothes, there are a number of really good designers; the three best-known firms are probably Gehringer and Glupp, Staebe-Seger-Modelle, and Heinz Schulze-Varell Modellhaus. Germany is aiming at the foreign market, too. We saw some stunning imports from German houses, in the Toronto Simpson's Fall Fashion Show. Especially dramatic, and almost amusing, were the ski outfits; one, in black knitted wool, looked like an interpretation of the old-fashioned red flannel underwear, topped by an overblouse. And a German designer, Hilda Boogaart, from Hanover, has started a dress shop in Toronto, designing some of the clothes herself and importing others from Germany. She brought over a display to last year's Trade Fair and decided to try for a Canadian market.

The Vancouver Symphony Orchestra opens its 24th season on Oct. 4, with Canadian Lois Marshall as guest soloist.

The first woman to represent Canada at International horse shows is pretty, blonde, 18-year-old Shirley Thomas, an Ottawa debutante. She has been riding since she was four; has ridden in almost every major show on the continent. With the Canadian jumping team she will leave for Harrisburg, Pa., on Oct. 19, going on later to Madison Square Garden in New York.

Yardley of London opened their new "home" recently, on a wooded 16-acre ravine site, on the outskirts of Toronto. The English firm dates back to 1770; the Canadian company, to 1900. There is nothing staid or stuffy about the glassed, streamlined building nor about the newest Yardley fragrance, which is labelled "For the Secret and Reckless Heart."

At the Toronto Eaton's Business Girls' Council Fashion Show, the well-known Anne Fogarty dresses for petite girls, appeared for the first time under a Canadian label. Anne Fogarty and a Canadian dress manufacturer have come up with an agreement to make, in Montreal, the identical dresses she produces in New York—at New York prices.

The October birthstone is the opal, considered unlucky if worn by any but the October-born. It was once believed so powerful it could make its owner invisible to his enemies.

Mrs. Britton Osler, of Toronto, was elected President of the Dominion Board of the Women's Auxiliary of the Church of England in Canada.

Weddings: Estelle Deschamps, daughter of Albert Deschamps, to Dr. Jacques Genest, son of Rosario Genest, QC, both of Montreal; Jean Logan, of Pembroke, Ont., a former society editor of the Ottawa *Evening Citizen*, to Clare M. C. Brunton, a prominent Ottawa sportsman; Marina Moralejo, of Port of Spain, Trinidad, to Dr. Mark M. Boss, son of Lt-Col. William Boss, of Ottawa; Eleanor Grace Hogarth, grand-daughter of the late Commodore George H. Gooderham, to Richard Hugh Dalton Denison, both of Toronto; Elise (Lisette) Gouin, daughter of Senator Leon Mercier Gouin, to Dr. Claude Fortier, both of Montreal; Barbara Kay Hansford, daughter of Mayor Edwin A. Hansford, of Norwood, Man., to Robert Leslie Peters, of Winnipeg; Marjorie Ellen Roche, to actor Juan Root, both of Vancouver; Phyllis Dorothy Josephine Woods, daughter of Colin Mundell Kitchener Woods, of Kingston, to Robert Derwyn Owen, son of the late Archbishop Owen, former Anglican Primate of all Canada.

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Paul Horsdal

MARY ELEANOR THORBURN, *taken in 1931, in one of the first dresses made by Dorinda of Winnipeg. Mary Eleanor is the daughter of Mrs. H. Beverley Thorburn and the granddaughter of Mrs. Charles Thorburn, OBE, both of Ottawa.*

Michael J. Sym Studio

JOAN SHARPE, *in a dress that features Dorinda's smocking. She is the daughter of Alderman and Mrs. George Sharpe, of Winnipeg.*

Designed "By Dorinda"

DORINDA MUTCHMOR, of Winnipeg, is no longer surprised by long distance telephone calls from strangers anywhere in Canada or the U.S., ordering dresses for special occasions—for their children or grandchildren. Her original hobby of designing children's clothes has developed into big business. Ten years ago she found it necessary to patent her name. Now every garment bears the label, "By Dorinda".

Miss Mutchmor has always been sewing at something. It is a gift she inherited from her grandmother, another Dorinda, and from her mother who died eight years ago. As a child she was allowed to make elaborate evening dresses and fur-trimmed velvet coats for her dolls. Friends of her mother's hinted that it seemed rather expensive to waste good materials on dolls; but her mother took the point of view that it was cheap entertainment for Dorinda. No one expected her interest in clothes would pay off in later years.

A crisis developed when she was ten. A playmate had been offered $1 by her father to make a dress for herself. Not to be outdone, Dorinda cajoled her father into a similar arrangement. Her parents left everything to her. She chose a plaid wool

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material which she discovered, too late, was cut on the bias. She ran into so many problems she cried, kicked the sewing machine and howled that she never could finish it. But her father remained firm about the proposition. After finishing that dress, Dorinda never had any fear about tackling anything.

At 15, she visited an aunt in Los Angeles. A clerk in Magnin's asked her where she had bought her organdy collar and cuff set. When she discovered Dorinda had made them herself, she offered to buy some. Dorinda made dozens and sold them for $4 a set; the store resold them for $8.

With the extra money, Dorinda "went Hollywood". She bought expensive materials and made herself a whole new wardrobe, copied from movie stars' clothes. When she stepped off the train in Winnipeg, her family did not recognize her and were slightly horrified at her first commercial venture.

She always refused to be paid for making clothes for her friends' babies. But finally, one friend dumped a basinette in her room and declared, "Now fix this with all the lace and chiffon in town and I'm paying you." The result was such a gorgeous creation that Dorinda says, "You had to stand about halfway across the room and toss the baby in among the ribbons and lace." Orders poured in from friends when they learned that now they could pay.

Today Miss Mutchmor employs four women to cut and sew by hand. The finer smocking and embroidery is done by expert needlewomen, who have been taught by Dorinda herself. They work in their own homes.

Most of the important stores in the West, Freiman's in Ottawa and Holt Renfrew's in Montreal, carry Dorinda clothes. The proverbial pinks and blues are still popular, but there is a growing demand for daffodil yellow. Even diapers have assumed a fancy hue, polka dotted ones outselling the white.

When the former Mary Eleanor Thorburn, of Ottawa, was a small girl, she was chosen to present a bouquet to Lady Bessborough, the wife of the Governor-General at that time. A frantic call was put through to Dorinda, with less than a week to design and make a dress. But a white silk frock smocked in red was ready for the last train that would reach Ottawa the morning of the presentation. The train was involved in a wreck near Ottawa, the parcel being finally rescued and delivered just in time. As Lady Bessborough bent over to receive the flowers, she commented on the pretty dress. Said Mary, "Why, Dorinda in Winnipeg made it." A picture of a very young Mary Eleanor appears at the top of page 30.

A dress "By Dorinda" was worn by a little flower girl at the recent wedding of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Pearson. Another Dorinda model was worn by Joan Sharpe (see page 30), younger daughter of Alderman and Mrs. George Sharpe, of Winnipeg, when she presented the city's official bouquet of flowers to Princess Elizabeth.

Dorinda's maternal grandfather came to Canada in 1867, as the official government photographer, with the first Governor-General, the Right Honorable Viscount Monck. Her paternal grandfather also lived in Bytown, as Ottawa was then called. The original Mutchmor home is now the Old Men's Home, and the present Fair Grounds were part of the Mutchmor estate. Several streets in Ottawa are named after the family, including Ella Street, for a daughter, Mrs. C. H. Thorburn, OBE.

Dorinda was born in Ottawa, but her parents moved to Winnipeg when she was just a baby. At present she and her father live in a large roomy apartment. The Dorinda workshop is on the floor above. Each time she plans to expand her business to the extent of a factory or at least an office, war or illness intervenes. But she still has plans.

Her interests are indirectly linked to her profession. For some years she was in charge of designing and making the costumes for the Winter Club carnivals; she is a perennial judge of the Junior League's Hobby Show; she has held various executive positions in the Girl Guides, as well as judging entries in their hobby groups.

BLANCHE ELLINTHORPE

INFORMAL PICTURE *of Valerie, Gail and Ray, the children of the Raymond Farrens, of Montreal, and grandchildren of Mr. G. H. Aikins, Q.C. and Mrs. Aikins, of Winnipeg. The girls are wearing Dorinda dresses.*

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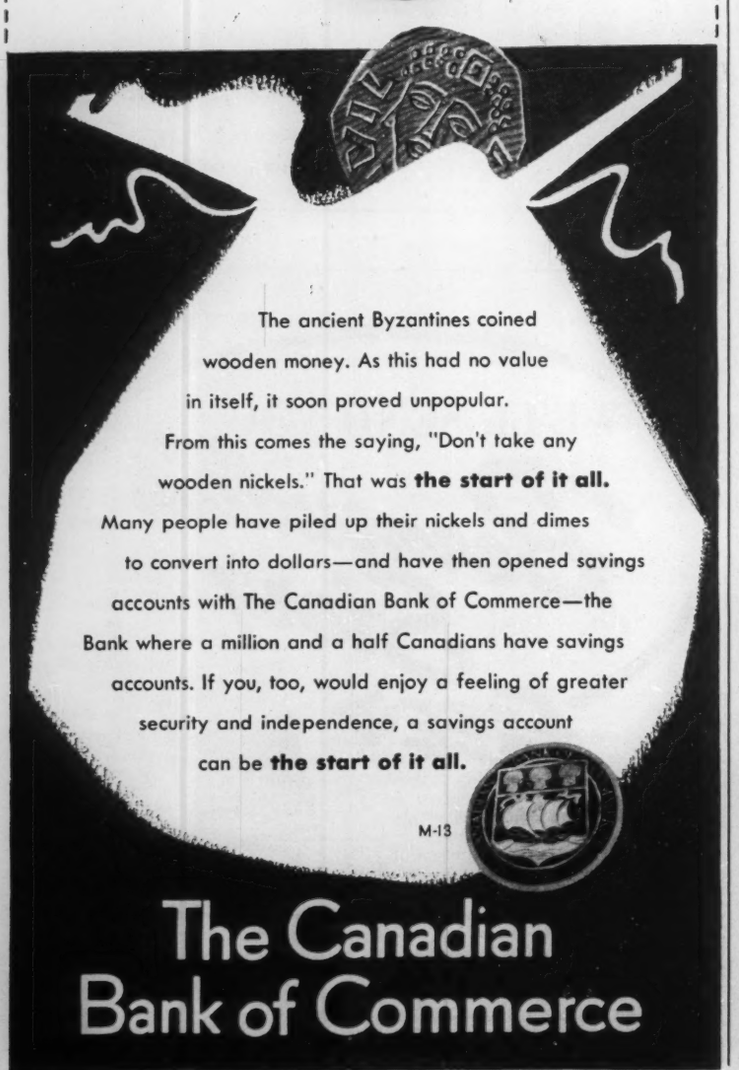
THE START OF IT ALL!

What do we mean

"Don't take any wooden nickels!"



The ancient Byzantines coined wooden money. As this had no value in itself, it soon proved unpopular. From this comes the saying, "Don't take any wooden nickels." That was **the start of it all.** Many people have piled up their nickels and dimes to convert into dollars—and have then opened savings accounts with The Canadian Bank of Commerce—the Bank where a million and a half Canadians have savings accounts. If you, too, would enjoy a feeling of greater security and independence, a savings account can be **the start of it all.**

M-13

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Beauty

BEAUTY EXPERTS bewail the fact that too many women buy only one shade of lipstick and rouge, and use it with every outfit.

Actually lipstick and other accent make-up items should be regarded as costume accessories and keyed to the strongest color note in your costume. Revlon, in a pamphlet on the correct selection of make-up, explains it thus: if you are wearing an unrelieved black suit, you can choose any make-up you have found becoming to you, for black is a neutral color, but add an orange ascot, and your make-up must complement that bright color.

Your new Fall wardrobe may run to one predominant color. Then you can find the right shade of make-up and stick to it. But most women have two or three color favorites; they should have two or three lipsticks in matching or contrasting shades.

With neutral colors, such as this season's popular black, white, beige, grey and navy, you can wear any color lipstick and rouge that you choose. But with brown, the second color choice for fall clothes, or aquamarine, flamingo and dark greens, a clear red is best. For blues (except navy), burgundy, light greens, purple and pink tones, select one with a blue tone in the red. Certain of the tawny dress colors naturally need an orange tint in the lipstick.

However, there are certain reservations. The time of day, for one thing, should affect your choice of lipstick. Daylight is actually blue light and so it intensifies this shade in the lipstick; artificial light has a tendency to drain the blue cast from the red, making it appear much more vivid.

A second consideration is your own type of beauty. Two women may each wear a violet suit which would normally require a blue-red lipstick. But a dramatic brunette would choose a deep, rich tone; a fragile blonde would select a lighter blue-red.

A good example of the two-tone is the Pink Perfection, put out last Spring by Elizabeth Arden. There you have a light pink and a pink plus. And, as Elizabeth Arden points out, by putting the light on first and then redoing your lips with the pink plus, or vice versa, you can achieve two other variations.

• •

A Double-Cross!

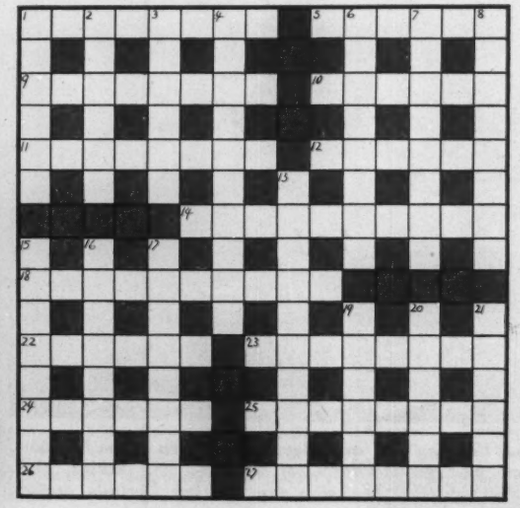
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Cutting these you cut cutters. (8)
5. Setting fire to it may save your life. (6)
9. A Gilbertian virtue? (8)
10. Pluto, a lesser light but not a dog-star. (6)
11. Return help, perhaps, to one of Israel's twelve. (8)
12. Georgie-Porgie's renowned as one. (6)
14. Country for men only? (10)
18. A nudist would not be apprehended by this investigation. (5-5)
22. How nice it can be. (6)
23. Does the Cardinal get a rise when titled? (8)
24. Admission to the course? (6)
25. In this, a letter is 18. (8)
26. Treasures are gone. Make most certain of what's left. (6)
27. They try to be like Lord Peter Wimsey's creator. (8)

DOWN

1. I'm no help to progress, when starting this. (6)
2. Pile on pussy? (3-3)
3. Instrumental to wool-gathering, perhaps. (6)
4. At these prices you'll probably get a hard seat. (4, 6)
6. Heavyweight composer? (8)
7. He's coasting around without faith. (8)
8. This will keep you from being found out. (8)
13. Contracts may be 15 these. (10)
15. See 13. (8)
16. This'll teach him to wear his coat inside out and be rude about it! (8)
17. How cook wastes time over her corn! (8)
19. Lady of 9 looked heavenly without an article on. (6)
20. Not tied when round one finished. (6)
21. When the school yell is heard at its best? (6)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 2. Somerset Maugham
5. Shadow
10. Round
11. Boa
12. Rayon
13. Ash cans
14. Maytime
15. Somers
16. Compress
19. Comedian
21. Septet 24. Coxcomb
26. See 31 28. Obese
29. Ike 30. Ideas
31. 26. Helter-skelter
32. See 20.

DOWN

1. Syria
2. See 1 across
3. Redhaired
4. Emboss
6. Hardy
7. Daytime
8. Winterset
9. Marmion
15. Sackcloth
17. Preterite
18. Lambkin
20, 32. Maxwell Anderson 22. Tethers
23. Astern 25. Oxeye
27. Resin

Films

Mind at Work

THE MOVIES these days frequently give one the melancholy sensation of sitting up with a sick friend. Certainly the symptoms are disturbing—the double vision, the rambling and disconnected ideas, the recoveries and lapses, the hectic Technicolor flush.

To a simple-minded outsider the solution itself seems simple enough. Forget the vast and often irrecoverable budgets, the quack remedies put forward by the Hollywood specialists. Forget the polaroid glasses which merely transfer the headache temporarily from the producer to the spectator, the new optical depths put forward as a substitute for imagination, the wide screen which at its present stage operates as a sort of Procrustes' bed, lopping off heads and feet to fit the subject to the frame. It might even be a good idea to forget the mass public and concentrate instead on the smaller, but highly profitable audience that is still ready to abandon television for the sake of an interesting movie.

A cross-section of this audience turned up recently at the opening meeting of the Toronto Film Society, and filled the auditorium to overflowing—literally, with every seat filled and eager movie-goers standing in the rear. The program consisted of two excellent shorts—*Shakespeare og Kronberg* and *The Port of Saint Francis* — with Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Chips Are Down* (Les Jeux Sont Faits) as the program feature. None of the productions was new — the Sartre film, for instance, dated back to 1947; but all of them left one feeling that here both camera and imagination were at work on material a good deal more interesting and fundamental than the problem of optical illusions.

M. Sartre's *The Chips Are Down* was written in 1942, and according to the author has no relationship to the philosophy of Existentialism he developed later. The perverse and brilliant pessimism which Jean-Paul Sartre has made his specialty is very much in evidence, however, in this story of a bourgeois woman and a working man who, "because of an oversight on the part of the management" meet only after death. They are therefore restored to earthly life, but only on the condition that their love for each other must exclude every other human passion. The author's conclusion appears to be that love can neither exist in the presence of conflicting interests nor survive in their absence — a direct reversal of the Hollywood position which is that love can survive anything.

One may or may not agree with M. Sartre, a thinker whose curious cat's-cradle philosophy I have never been able to grasp with any satisfaction. Whatever his gifts as a philosopher, however, there can be no doubt about Jean-Paul Sartre's talent as a scenarist. *The Chips Are Down* is a deftly constructed story, filled with a fine French clarity that makes the English sub-titles almost unnecessary. Imagination is everywhere at work, communicating itself to both audience and players, and revealing Micheline Presle, for almost the first time, as an actress capable of extraordinary depths of tenderness and intensity.

Films of this type, to be sure, will never attract large commercial audiences. Yet they have qualities which producers of commercial films might study to advantage. The best of Hollywood's commercial films have many of these qualities already—a sense of liveliness and variety, the assurance of a quick supporting intelligence, the special magic that makes every scene and moment flower into interest, so that a film lasting two hours seems to be over far too soon.

LANA TURNER'S predicament in *Latin Lovers* may affect moviegoers of very simple emotional makeup, though I doubt if even these will be greatly stirred. Her problem, as she plaintively puts it, is: "Isn't it possible for a girl to be happy even if she has 38 million dollars?"

Lana is loved by John Lund, an industrial promoter who already has 48 million of his own but feels that he needs Lana's 38 million to place him comfortably beyond danger of want. Presently she flies off to Brazil where she falls in love with Rancher Ricardo Montalban, who is crazy about her and takes a pragmatic attitude to her millions. (He is crazy about them, too.) The rest of the picture is devoted to close-ups of Lana and long-shots of Rio de Janeiro. It's hard to describe the state of mind induced by 104 minutes of these melting views, but stupefaction comes as close as anything.

Dream Wife, a screen comedy starring Deborah Kerr, Cary Grant and Walter Pidgeon, has to do with the role played by the dominant female in American society. It is a subject with plenty of possibilities and the picture opens promisingly with Deborah Kerr as a career committee woman who feels called on to direct American policy in the near East, and Cary Grant as the simple advertising man who just wants her to settle down and function as a wife. When Career Girl Kerr makes it clear that her heart belongs to the United Nations, her indignant fiancé proposes marriage to a Near East Princess (Betta St. John).

From this point on *Dream Wife* deteriorates rapidly into farce, and before it is over Deborah Kerr's rather prim comedy talent is badly strained, while Cary Grant is visibly reduced to throwing in anything for a laugh.

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GROOTE BEER—Nov. 2

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The Backward Glance

22 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

SATURDAY NIGHT of October 3, 1931 asked in a banner headline on its cover page, "Does Canada Need A Five Year Plan?" and on page 21 an article by A. S. Whiteley titled, "Canada Must Not Muddle Through", tried to prove, by comparisons with the Soviet Union, that this country needed economic planning to alleviate the unemployment situation. At that time, out of a population of roughly ten million, Canada had a half-million unemployed.

Spread across the cover page were three photographs, the first one showing Foreign Minister C. T. Wang of China, who had been mobbed and perhaps fatally injured by Chinese students; the second showing a street scene in Tsingtao, which had been invaded by Japanese troops; and the third showing the youthful Marshal Chang Hseuh-Liang, Manchurian war lord, who had instructed his troops to withdraw from Mukden without opposition to the invading Japanese Army.

The Front Page started off with an editorial on the Manchurian invasion, then slid into topics that were closer to home. One of the items told about independent halibut fishermen at Alberni, BC, who had made American fish buyers pay a discount of ten per cent on American funds. Then the Front Page editor let himself go with an editorial headed, "Antics of the Reverend Ben Spence".

About the Rev. Ben Spence, long one of Canada's greatest declaimers against Booze, prohibitionist idol of the Toronto *Star*, erstwhile stalwart of the strait-laced Ontario CCF party, and Canada's male Carrie Nation, the editor had this to say: "We should like to have a show-down from Rev. Ben Spence as to what country he belongs to. For some years he was in Washington peddling lurid yarns about iniquitous conditions under Government Control (liquor) in Canada . . . What took him to Windsor during the American Legion Convention in the near-by city of Detroit? The answer is obvious; to dish up more hot stuff about the way gentle, God-fearing American buddies were debauched as soon as they crossed to Canadian soil. His long-winded telegram to Premier Henry was probably not intended to be taken seriously by the Ontario Government. It was for the consumption of readers in distant sections of the neighboring republic where the Anti-Saloon League flourishes . . ."

A photograph on Page 2 shows the U.S. dirigible, the Akron, then the world's biggest, on her first test flight over Ohio. It seems to us that the lighter-than-air dirigible was one of the few means of transportation to reach international acceptance and use, only to drop out of favor due to an insurmountable weakness, in its case inflammability.

The Film Parade reviewed *Five Star Final*, starring Edward Robinson (who must have added the middle initial G later), and *Street Scene*, starring one of the few movie actresses we ever fell in love with, Sylvia Sidney. Two pictures then playing first-run houses were *Alexander Hamilton*, with George Arliss and Doris Kenyon, and *Personal Maid*, featuring Nancy Carroll, high cheek bones, dimples and all.

The radio review column, called "On The Air", was conducted by Arthur Wallace. He announced that the Columbia network would begin a series of dramatizations of the best sea stories of all time each Sunday evening from 9.30 to 10.00. The CPR had a radio program called The Canadian Pacific Railway Hour Of Music over 26 Canadian stations every Friday evening, and Canadian General Electric aired its program General Electric Vagabonds each Tuesday night. These companies showed little originality in their choice of names, but Mr. Wallace seemed quite happy about it in his column, which contained no criticism of the radio fare, and gave no mention of any other programs but those put on by the biggest corporations. Perhaps he felt that, like Caesar's wife, they were above reproach.

In the women's pages, Pond's ran a large ad with the snob appeal that was then becoming fashionable along advertising row. It was headed "The smart young married set agrees on these four things," and featured photographs of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton (not the wife of the Alexander Hamilton of the movie page), Mrs. John Davis Lodge, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan Jr., Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II, Mrs. Alister McCormick and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton gave out the breathless news that, "Every girl wants a nice skin!"; Mrs. Lodge said, "Women should live for loveliness"; Mrs. Ryan confessed, "I stole into a classmate's room and helped myself to her Pond's Cream . . ."; while Mrs. Pinchot II pulled out all the stops and stated, "To clever America we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness, simply, swiftly, surely; Pond's Cold Cream, the dainty Cleansing Tissues, the perfumed Skin Freshener and the delicious Vanishing Cream."

UNDER "Concerning Insurance" there was the photograph of a dark-haired, military-mustached young Canadian lawyer who had delivered an address before the Annual Convention of the International Association of Insurance Counsel, at Swampscott, Massachusetts. Relatively unknown in those days, outside of bar associations, he is now the Prime Minister of Canada, Louis St. Laurent.

In the Financial Section was a questioning headline, "Depression Nears End?" and beneath it was a sub-head reading, "Recent Drastic Developments May Signify Concluding Stages of Business Slump—Faith Maintained in Britain". We didn't bother to read the article knowing that whatever it prophesied would be wrong, but we cite it here as one of the early examples of the "Just around the corner there's a rainbow in the sky" type of journalism that flourished during the Depression like the apple-sellers and the soup kitchens.

Under "Broadway Guide" were listed the current musicals and legitimate stage presentations then being offered in New York. They were, *After Tomorrow*, *Cloudy With Showers*, *Earl Carroll Vanities*, *George White's Scandals*, *Grand Hotel*, *He, I Love An Actress*, *Old Man Murphy*, *Shoot The Works*, *Singin' The Blues*, and *The Band Wagon*. Claude Rains was playing in *He*, the Astaires (remember Adele, Fred's sister?) were starring in *The Band Wagon*, and *Shoot The Works* was Heywood Broun's intimate review.

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 68 NO. 52 WHOLE NO. 3152

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York); Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee P. O'Connell Co. 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Lighter Side

Rudyard and K-Day

"WELL, K-DAY has come and gone," I said cheerfully as I stepped into Miss A.'s living room, "and we seem to have survived."

Miss A. stiffened. "I will not discuss the Kinsey Report," she said.

"Meeting adjourned," said Rudyard the parrot, eyeing me beadily.

"I suppose we could talk about the weather," I said. "That should be safe enough."

"God loves you," said Rudyard, "and you can sit on your hands."

"What's he talking about?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," Miss A. said. "You were saying about the weather—"

"Oh, yes, the weather," I said. "I was thinking about the story of the woman whose husband hanged himself in the attic. A neighbor went over to pay a friendly call on the widow and naturally she wanted to avoid the painful topic. So she started off by saying what terrible weather they'd been having and how impossible it was to get the clothes dry and how lucky her neighbor was to have such a nice attic for hanging things in."

Miss A. frowned over the parable. "I'm sure I don't see the point."

"Just that the weather as a topic isn't much more reliable than one of Dr. Kinsey's Frequency Curves," I said.

"I repeat, I will not discuss the Kinsey Report," Miss A. said.

"God loves you," said Rudyard, "and your mother loves you—"

"What *is* he talking about?" I asked.

"Nothing of the least importance," Miss A. said.

"Everything is important that can confirm a statistical chart," I pointed out, "and Dr. Kinsey has proved that a chart can confirm anything."

"Can't you talk about anything but Dr. Kinsey?" Miss A. said.

I considered. "Well, we might talk about birds," I said after a moment. "I read a fascinating piece recently by a Dr. Whitney on the budgerigar. He claims that when the female budgerigar, or budgie, is educated in the use of human speech, she immediately loses interest in the opposite sex. She continues to lay eggs but hasn't the faintest idea what to do with her eggs, or clutch—"

"I don't see what that proves," Miss A. said.

"Well, it doesn't exactly prove anything in particular," I said. "Still it's significant that 75 per cent of Dr. Kinsey's female subjects were college-educated, so it should be possible to work out a Frequency Curve relating to articulateness and higher education, or even a curve relating the educated human female to the educated budgie."

"And that was the end of *her*," Rudyard said.

I glanced at Miss A., who had turned pink. "Don't pay any attention," she said, "it's just something he picked up at a meeting of our Current Events Section of the Needlework Guild."

"What were you discussing?" I asked.

Miss A. said they were discussing the part to be played by India in the coming Korean Peace Parley. "And naturally we went on from there to talk about the general work of the United Nations and the Committee on Human Rights, and the various committees for the suppression of illegal drugs and the White Slave Traffic. And when Mrs. Peacock the convener told a story about a girl she had heard about who let herself be picked up by a perfect stranger—"

"And that was the end of *her*," Rudyard croaked, "Ha, ha!"

"You should keep him in the broom closet till this thing blows over," I said.

"I can't keep him in the broom-closet all the time," Miss A. said. "The best I can do is try to keep the conversation at a decent level. I simply said we weren't here to discuss female sexual behavior, we were here to talk about the part to be played by India in the coming Peace Parley, and Mrs. Peabody said that if India weren't represented at the Parley she hoped the United Nations would make it up by appointing Madame Pandit President of the General Assembly, because she thought Madame Pandit most attractive, and it was wonderful the way the women of India had progressed so that now many of them were as emancipated as the women of the West. She said after all you couldn't hold up progress, and she remembered the time when a girl was considered fast if she said in mixed company that nobody loved her and her hands were cold—"

"God loves you," Rudyard began and then abruptly switched to another topic. "Umbrella drawers," he said.

"That Mrs. Peabody," Miss A. said, turning scarlet, "her mind is nothing but a sink."

"Well, anyway, I hope they get a good steering chairman when they do start the Peace Parley," I said. "Because if they ever start on Kinsey they'll never get round to Korea." I got up. "You don't happen to have the recipe you promised me for pineapple and orange marmalade, do you?" I asked.

"It's rather late in the season," Miss A. said. "You really should have fresh female pineapples to begin with."

"Any particular age-group?" I asked carelessly, and Miss A.'s face darkened swiftly.

"Meeting adjourned," Rudyard announced at this point, and I was only too happy.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Words Alone

Were I a painter I would paint your face
In heavy oils, black-yellow, Rembrandt style.
And deep within your eyes I would misplace
Infinitesimally a furtive smile.

Could I compose I'd trace your eager steps
Around the rose-beds of a minor key
In an allegro beyond thorns, perhaps
Not quite unlike a Schubert symphony.

Were I a sculptor I would cut a block
Of stone out of the heartbreak of a hill
And plant your dreams together with the rock
Among the daisy and the daffodil.

But I am no Rodin. Instead I write
My own raw verse (as scribblers will) at night.

ANTHONY FRISCH

"You're right, young man! Imperial Whisky is even finer now, than it was in my early days."

IMPERIAL

Canadian Whisky

Mature and Mellow
smoother than ever
Look for it in the NEW
DECANTER BOTTLE

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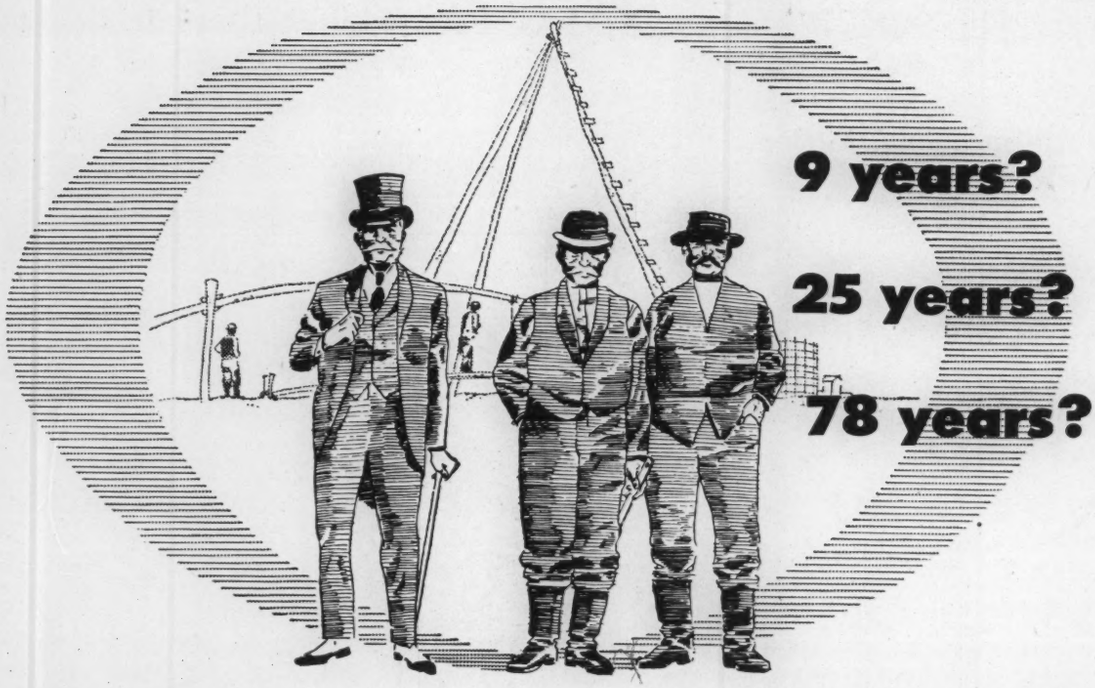

How long does an oil well last?

The average well goes dry in 20 to 30 years. To keep your car rolling and your home warm, a new well must be found to take its place. That's why the search for oil never ends; why Imperial, for instance, spent almost $50 millions to find and develop new oil in western Canada last year.

Oil has become one of Canada's important industries
How many of these questions about it can you answer?

Which of the following contain petroleum
lipstick? *binder twine?* *printing ink?* *insect spray?*

➧ *Oil is a part of all the products named and of hundreds of others which contribute to our everyday living.*

In 1946 Canada produced less than 10% of the oil she used. How much of her needs does she produce now
18%? *40%?* *55%?*

➧ *About 40%—and we use twice as much as in 1946. Today's production would meet 80% of the demand at that time.*

How many service stations would you say Imperial operates across Canada
19,500? *10,000?* *0?*

➧ *None. Approximately 10,000 stations carry the Imperial Esso sign, but they are operated by independent dealers, each in business for himself.*

In oil field language, a "roughneck" is one of the crew of a drilling rig. What is a "toolpusher"
tool salesman? *drilling foreman?* *motor mechanic?*

➧ *Drilling foreman. Oil field slang is colorful. A "Christmas tree," for instance, is a combination of pipes and valves to regulate the flow of oil from a well.*

Opinion surveys show that most Canadians believe a business is entitled to a profit of 15¢ on a dollar of revenue. Last year Imperial earned
7½¢ *11¢* *19¢*

➧ *In 1952 Imperial earned a profit of 7½¢ of each dollar received. Of this, 4¢ was paid to shareholders; the remaining 3½¢ was used to replace worn-out equipment and to make sure we can supply your future oil needs.*

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
oil makes a country strong

IMPERIAL ESSO PRODUCTS